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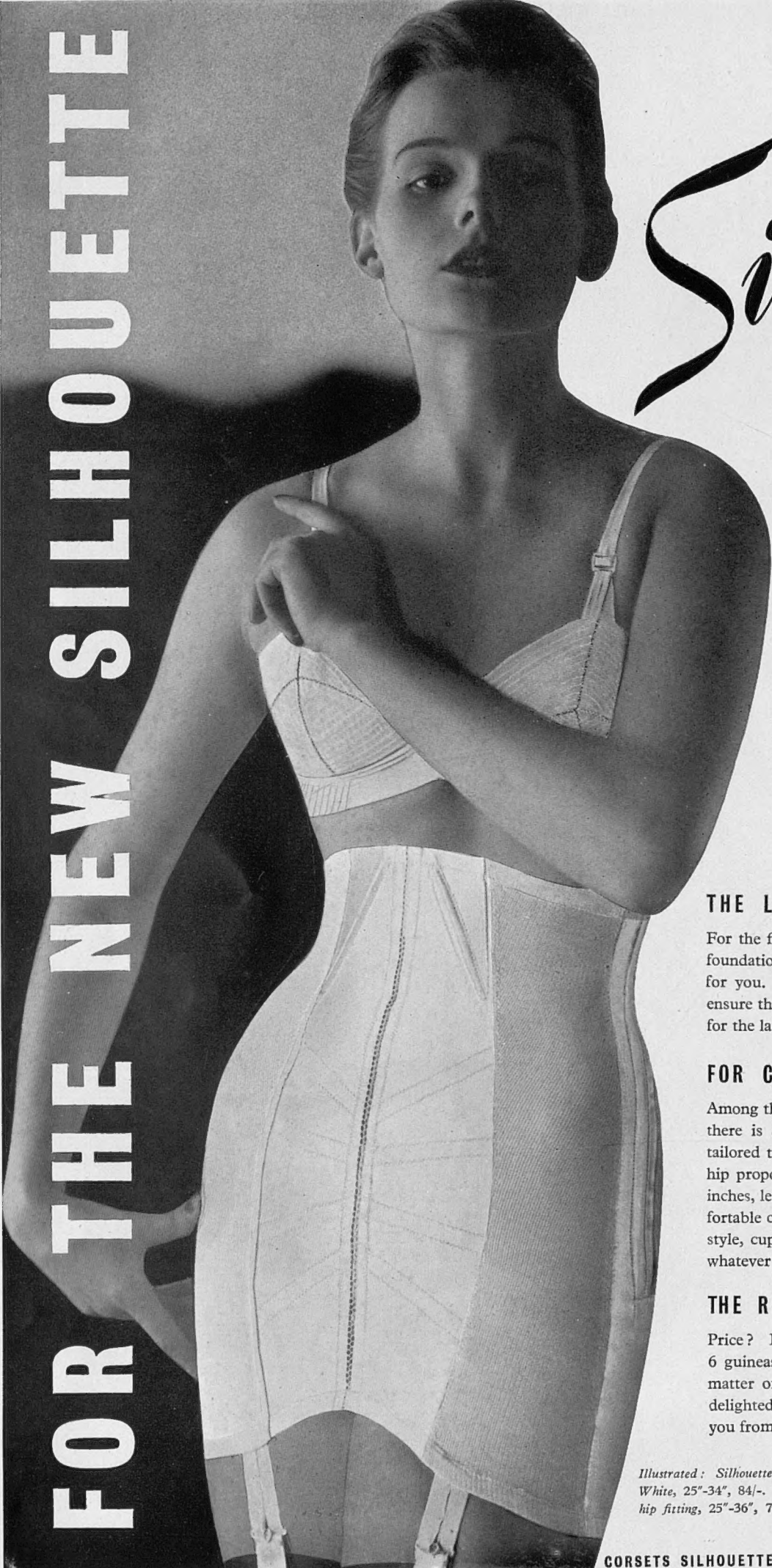
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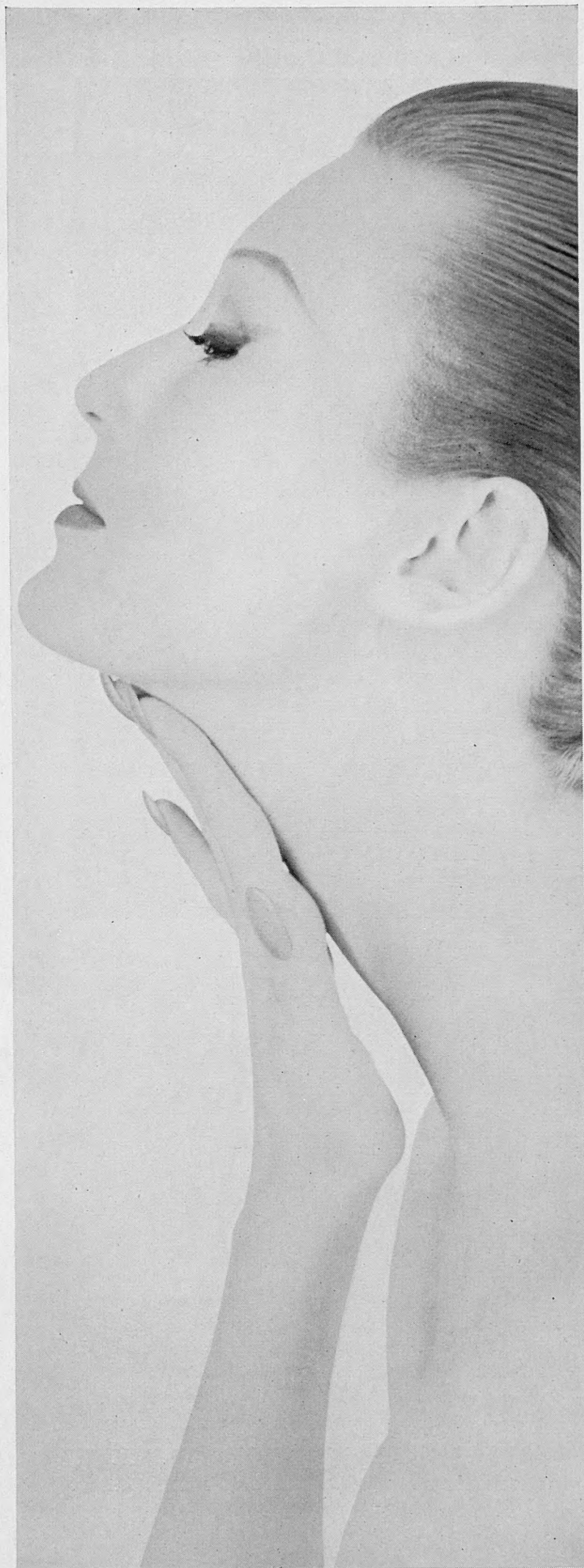
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*Elizabeth Arden*



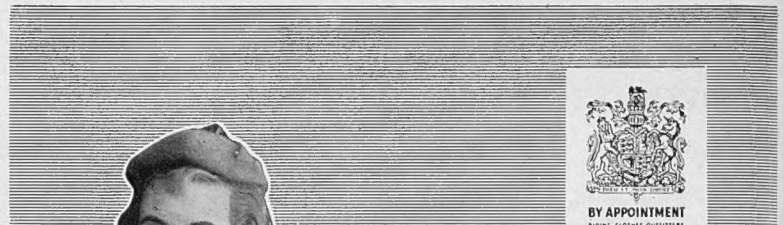




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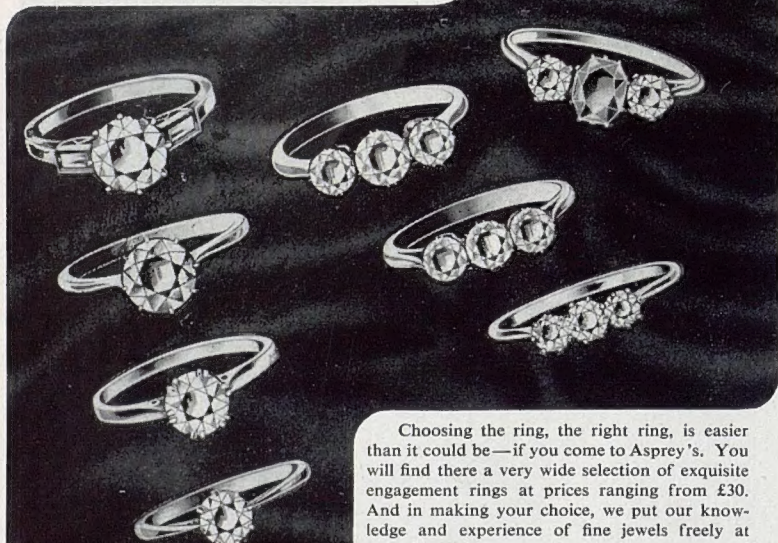
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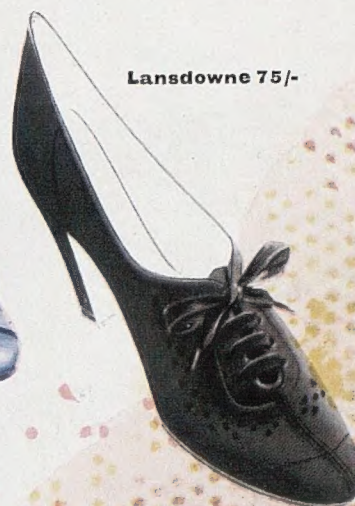
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# CHANEL





Bayonne 69/6



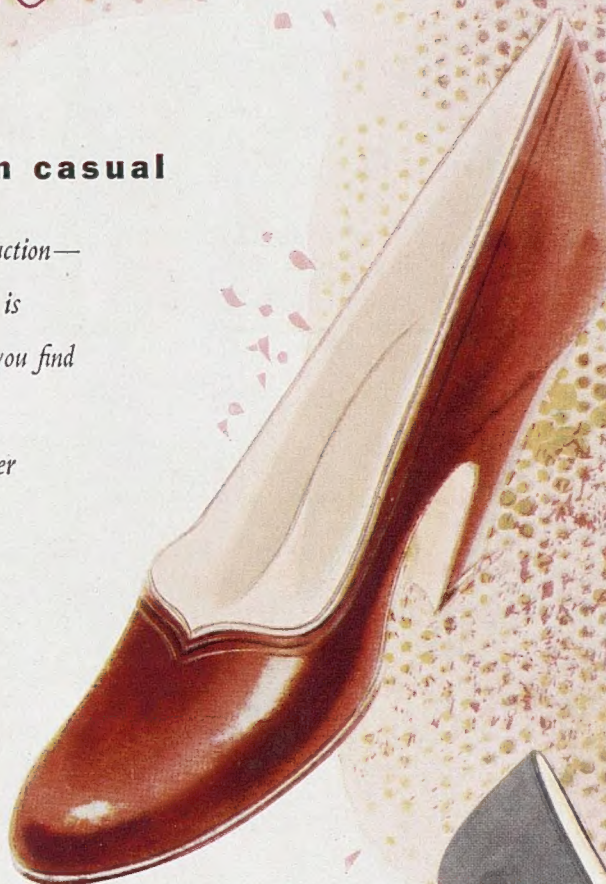
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Mannequin 69/6



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Fittings A, B and C.

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Fittings AAA, AA, A, B and C.

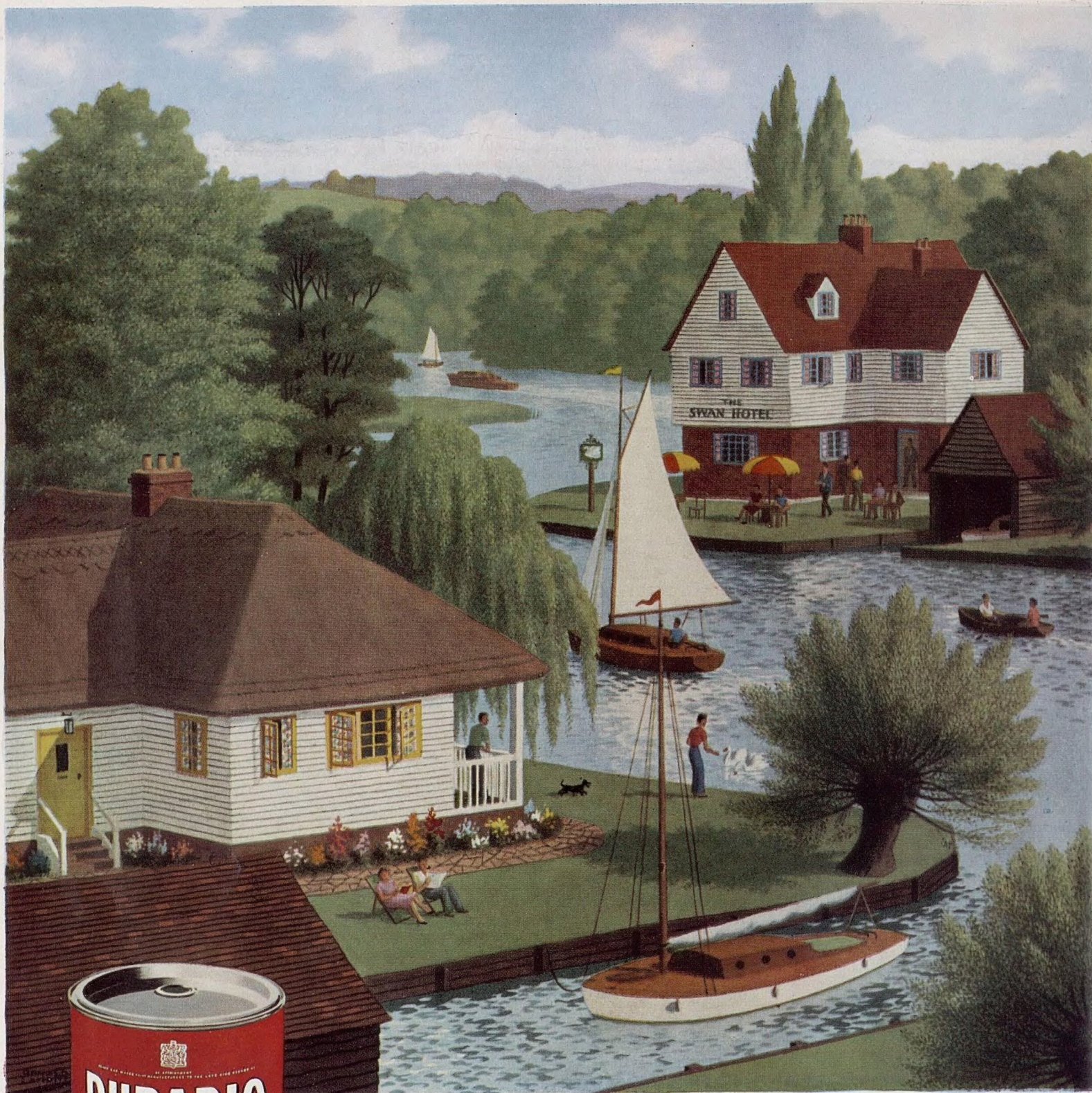
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## INSIDE INFORMATION

*The Rover co-ordinated suspension system allows plenty of vertical road wheel movement, while spring tensions and shock absorber settings ensure a smooth ride. The central bearing to the propeller shaft checks 'whip' and vibration.*

★

*The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, spraying with sound-absorbing material and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.*

★

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★

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# ROVER

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Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.



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SUPERFINE  
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Eric Coop

## Wife of a former England captain

MRS. F. GEORGE MANN, wife of the former captain of England and M.C.C., is seen here with their sons Simon and Richard, aged three years and fifteen months respectively. Before her marriage Mrs. Mann was Miss Margaret Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Marshall Clark of Johannesburg





Howard Coster

## A contemporary Christopher Wren

MR. BASIL URWIN SPENCE, O.B.E., A.R.A., first became widely known to the general public when his design won the competition for the rebuilding of Coventry Cathedral. The bold originality of this was the cause of wide comment both enthusiastic and adverse. He has done extensive work for many of the postwar festival exhibitions and designed a considerable number of new public buildings. One of his early achievements was to assist the late Sir Edwin Lutyens in the preparation of drawings for the Viceroy's house in Delhi in 1935

*The architect of the  
new Coventry Cathedral*



## AT THEIR NEW HOME IN CHELSEA

THE Hon. Mrs. John Lindsay-Bethune, seen with her ten-month-old daughter Sally Alexandra Jane, is the wife of the Earl and Countess of Lindsay's younger son. They were married in 1953 and have recently moved into a new home in Chelsea. Before her marriage Mrs. Lindsay-Bethune was formerly Miss Elizabeth Koch de Gooreynd, only daughter of Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd. The Earls of Lindsay are Scottish peers and the present and fourteenth Earl also holds the titles of thirteenth Viscount and twenty-third Baron. The family dates back to 1366 when a celebrated knight, Sir Thomas Lindsay, fourth son of the sixth Lord Crawford, obtained the barony of the Byres on resignation of his elder brother, Sir Alexander of Glenesk, from whom descends the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres



Eric Coop

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## DÉBUTANTE PARTY IN THE CITY

I FOUND the guests, especially the younger ones, taking the keenest interest in their surroundings and greatly enjoying an event in an unusual setting, when I arrived at the cocktail party given by Mr. Derick and the Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne for their débutante daughter Veronica.

This took place in the magnificent Grocers' Hall, at Princes Street in the City, by kind permission of the Court of Assistants. Mr. Derick Gascoigne is Master of the Grocers' Company, who have had their headquarters for 611 years on that actual site, in successive buildings.

Guests were able to see the finely panelled rooms with their impressive oil paintings, and also the drawing-room whose rebuilding and

redecorating after war damage has just been finished. It was open to the public for the first time that evening.

Mr. Bamber Gascoigne, who is doing his National Service with the Grenadier Guards in Germany, was happily home on leave and was able to help his parents and sister look after their guests.

VERONICA, who is a very pretty girl, wore a lovely short cocktail dress of cognac organza embossed with black velvet leaves, and a black velvet sheath bodice finished with a scarf of the same material as the skirt.

Among the young friends who came to her party were the Hon. Caroline Hawke who came with her father Lord Hawke, the Hon. Diana Baird with her mother Lady Stonehaven, and Mr. Arthur Johnston down from Cambridge

for the vacation. He told me that his débutante sister Rosemary would soon be home from finishing in Brussels and that his mother has taken one of those charming flats in Parkside, overlooking Hyde Park, which they all hoped to move into this summer. Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney came without their débutante daughter Richenda as she was still finishing in Paris. Lord and Lady Onslow were there, also Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright and Lady Heald and her daughter Elisabeth.

★ ★ ★

THE grounds of her Hampshire home, Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, were kindly lent by Viscountess Camrose for the Hampshire Hunt point-to-point steeple-

[Continued overleaf]



## Continuing The Social Journal

The Hampshire Hunt's  
point-to-point

chases. In spite of the wettest possible weather, hundreds of supporters turned up and tractors were busy piloting cars in and out of their respective places. The course itself was in good condition, and not as some people said very heavy, and it was interesting to hear that the times recorded for some of the races were even better than the previous year.

Entries were excellent, totalling eighty-five for the five hunt 'chases, and there was an Army event, as the Royal Horse Guards held their Regimental race in conjunction with this point-to-point. It was won by Mr. Thomas Dunne on his good-looking brown Baytird, which he hunts with the Warwickshire Hounds when leave permits. Also riding in this race were Major David Tabor on Icelandic, Sir Nicholas Nuttall on The Man in Blue and Major Michael Smallwood on Steelworker. Mrs. John Ward presented the cup to the winner, as her husband Lt.-Col. John Ward, who is Colonel of the Regiment, was away in the North and missed the meeting.

THE first event on the card, the H.H. Members, Subscribers and Farmers race, was run concurrently with six starters, and first past the post was Mr. R. J. Newman's Sans-Egal II. Next came the Adjacent Hunt Ladies race for which there were eleven entries (there might have been more if there had not also been a similar event in a meeting at Larkhill that afternoon). The winner was Sacombe Lady ridden by her owner Miss R. Bagnell who hunts in the Chiddingfold and Leconfield country, with Miss J. Sandeman on Waking second, and Mrs. Lockhart-Smith on her husband Lt.-Cdr. R. A. Lockhart-Smith's Cam Lass third.

The Open race, for which there was a field of thirteen, was won by Mrs. W. J. How's Chattie from the Crawley and Horsham, ridden by Mr. A. Geering, with Mr. J. N. S.

Arthur on his Silent King second and Mr. John Evans on Mr. David Brown's Right Again third. John Evans is among the best of our young G.R.s and won the last race, the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden, on Mr. G. Morgan's Irish Spirit, a difficult horse to ride, Mr. P. Gardiner being second on his Valiant Boy.

The Adjacent Hunts' race produced the biggest field of the afternoon with seventeen runners, and was won by Mr. John Ware on Mr. H. Flux's Peerflex. Mr. Frank Butler's Stoodley was second, and Mr. E. G. MacAndrew's Miss Henrietta third.

Officials certainly had a wet and tiring day. They included that indefatigable veteran Gen.



MISS RICHENDA GURNEY, daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, of Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, who was presented at Buckingham Palace last month, is now finishing her education with the Comtesse de la Calle in Paris. Miss Gurney is a niece of the Countess of Mansfield and a cousin of Lord Carnegie

Lord Jeffreys who was judge, and Lt.-Col. J. A. T. Bower who performed the none too easy duties of starter. The stewards were Major the Hon. Julian Berry who is in the Blues, Lt.-Col. Frank Mitchell, joint-Master of

the adjacent Vine Hunt, Brig. J. A. Paton, and W/Cdr. R. A. G. Edwards.

MUCH of the success of this meeting was no doubt due to the untiring work of the hon. secretary, Lt.-Col. W. S. Wingate-Gray, who has been a great supporter of this enjoyable annual event for many years. Lt.-Col. David Smiley, who until recently commanded the Blues, was there with his attractive wife—they were just off to Sweden, where he takes up his new appointment as Military Attaché. The Marquess of Douro, who is also in the Blues, motored over from his home nearby at Heckfield. Mrs. Margaret Dunne had come down from Warwickshire to see her son ride in his Regimental race and must have been justly proud of his success.

Others watching the racing included Lady Biddulph and her son the Hon. Edward Biddulph, the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, Lord Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth-Jones and his brother Mr. Garry Booth-Jones, and Mrs. Julian Berry, who had a big party of friends in to tea after racing, as did Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre who were also there.

★ ★ ★

FOR next Saturday, April 16, I have had a very interesting invitation—to attend the first International Air Rally to be given by Mr. and Mrs. David Constable-Maxwell at their home, Bosworth Hall, where they have their own private flying field. Mr. Constable-Maxwell, who belongs to a very air-minded family, has his own Gipsy Gemini which he uses throughout the year for business, and has taken part in many rallies on the Continent. Friends are coming by plane from across the Channel and many parts of this country, and have a delightful programme arranged for them.

After lunch they will be taken for a walk round the beautiful grounds, a row on the lake if they fancy it by the Constable-Maxwells' young son Christopher, and a tour round the village where there is a fourteenth-century church. They will also be able to see the beautiful pictures adorning the walls of Bosworth Hall. After dinner and a prizegiving for the best landing, the most exciting landing (I hope we do not qualify for this) and the most



Left: Miss Jane Berry and Miss Anna Massey were two of the young hostess's co-débutantes greatly enjoying the evening



Right: Miss Elfin Soames was listening to Mr. John Adams describing an air trip that he made overseas



amusing remark on arrival, there will be a film and music. After breakfast next morning guests take off for the homeward flight.

★ ★ ★

**H**R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER is, I hear, attending the Royal Caledonian Ball, which is to take place at Grosvenor House on May 16. This year the Ball is starting at 9.15 p.m., half an hour later than usual, and for the first time since the war there will be a sit down supper which, to allow plenty of room for the reels and Scottish country dances, is being served in the small ballroom.

The Countess of Dunmore, who has organized the set reels for many years, is again chairman, but has been succeeded as chairman of the set reel committee by the Marchioness of Huntly.

This Ball, which is always one of the most colourful spectacles of the London social season, was first held in 1849 at the invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Atholl. It was then a small private gathering to raise funds for a few special charities. Now it has become a very important event, and among the charities who benefit are the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. Tickets for this Ball, which many visitors from overseas, especially those of Scottish descent, would really enjoy, may be obtained from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

★ ★ ★

**M**ISS ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH-JONES looked very pretty in a flame-coloured organza dress at the cocktail party which her mother Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones recently gave for her at Londonderry House. Many of the young girls who, like Elizabeth, are making their début this year, were at the party, where there were also many young men, all in the gayest mood.

Conversation turned to Easter holiday plans, and it appeared that nearly all those present were off to some part of the country or the sea. The young hostess spends a lot of her spare time in the summer sailing and is a very efficient young helmswoman. She is having

[Continued overleaf



Swache

## PARTY IN PARK LANE FOR A DÉBUTANTE

**L**ONDONDERRY HOUSE opened its doors for a delightful occasion when Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones gave a cocktail party to 150 guests for their débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, who is seen in the photograph above, awaiting her friends

Left: The Hon. Clodagh Morris, with Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Mr. Peter Cooper and Miss Juliet Reynolds

Right: Débutante Miss Mardie Madden was having a word with Mr. Ronald Young and Miss Myrna Baskerville - Glegg







Left: Mlle. Marie-Jose Delest, Senior Cadet Nial Wilmott, Mlle. Claudine Grandgen and Senior Cadet J. C. Hegg were at one table



Right: Mademoiselle Muriel de la Salle talking to Senior Cadet Michael Volkers. Many cadets from neighbouring Sandhurst were numbered among the guests

## Continuing The Social Journal

### The Canadian Jesters' visit to Britain

her coming-out dance in London in July. Her father Mr. E. Ellsworth-Jones was there, and among the few older guests I met Capt. Tighe, R.N., and his charming wife who are at present living in Surrey while he is on a course at Portsmouth.

Younger people there included the Hon. Clodagh Morris, Mr. Michael Bridges Webb, talking to Miss Gillian Kleinwort who is having a dance at her home in Sussex in July, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Jane Berry, already one of the most popular girls making their début this year, Mr. John Adams who has finished his National Service with the Royal Navy and is now working in the City, and Miss Elfin Soames who looked neat wearing gloves with her taffeta cocktail dress. Also present was Mr. Nicholas Buckley, the Hon. Michael Greenwood chatting with Miss Aphra Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. Peter Glossop, Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, Mr. Michael Ransome, who is hoping to go to Canada during the summer vacation, Mr. George Bruce and Mr. Robert Buxton.

★ ★ ★

THE Jesters Club, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is Patron and Lord Aberdare President, does much to promote friendship among squash rackets players all over the world. Last year it arranged a very gay programme for half a dozen young American players who visited this country and played a series of matches here. This year it has been members of the Canadian Jesters Club who have been over here on a tour.

With the exception of the captain, Mr. Harald Martin, they were a youthful team and included Mr. Ernie Howard, 1954 champion of the United States and Canada, Mr. Peter Landry, Mr. Jim Spencer, Mr. Lorne Webster and Mr. Ned Larsen. They played four or five matches during the six days they were in London, and did quite a lot of sightseeing. One evening they were the guests of Lt.-Col.

T. F. R. Bulkeley and officers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards at Wellington Barracks, and among many other social engagements they lunched at the House of Commons with Mr. George Odey, M.P. for Beverley. That evening they played a seven-a-side squash match versus the Bath Club which was followed by a dinner there, when their host was Mr. L. A. Wilson.

NEXT day they lunched as guests of the Squash Rackets' Association at the Junior Carlton Club before competing that afternoon in the first round of the Open Championship at the Lansdowne Club. The following day they toured the Royal Naval College at Greenwich and dined in the famous Painted Hall when their host was Cdr. A. P. Pellow, R.N. The Women's Squash Rackets Association entertained them to lunch at the International Sportsmen's Club, and on their final evening in London they went for cocktails with Mr. Maurice Baring at his flat in Kingston House, before going on to the Squash Rackets



Norton Pratt

MISS AUDREY JASMINE FRENCH, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. French, of Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, who celebrated her 21st birthday last month. She is a keen yachtswoman and mountain climber

Association Ball held at the Hyde Park Hotel.

On their way home they flew up to Turnhouse and spent a day in Edinburgh where they played a match against the Edinburgh Sports Club and enjoyed some sightseeing round the ancient city, dining at the New Club where Mr. P. Harding-Edgar was their host. He and Mr. Francis Jamieson, another member of the Jesters Club, looked after them during their brief Edinburgh visit.

While they were in London the Jesters responsible for their wellbeing were Dr. John Stokes, chairman of the Club, Mr. Brian Phillips the vice-chairman, Dr. Bob Aitchison and Mr. R. C. Drayson.

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ANOTHER débutante's cocktail party was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Burke for their daughter Meriel, whose uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, kindly lent their lovely flat, where guests were able to admire the beautiful pictures, for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Norman were not present, as Mrs. Norman had just suffered a very sad loss by the death of her mother, Mrs. John Watson Hughes, a most lovable personality who will be very sadly missed by her numerous friends.

The Hon. Lady Norman came to her granddaughter's party, and other members of the family included Sir Mark Norman with Lady Norman, his brothers Desmond and Torquil—the latter is up at Trinity College, Cambridge—and their mother Lady Perkins, with Sir Robert Perkins, who had to leave early to vote in the House of Commons. Their charming young cousin, Miss Celia Burlison, who is also a débutante this season, was there also.

Meriel's godmother, the Hon. Mrs. Carlisle, was present with her husband, also Mr. and Mrs. Martin McLaren and Mr. Christopher and Mr. Michael Johnson-Ferguson. I also met Lady Pender and her elder son, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Lady Faurey and her daughter Jane, Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson and her daughter Miss April Villar, Mrs. Cecil Madden and her daughter Mardie, and Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, who is entertaining for her granddaughter, Miss Dawn Mallet, this season.

LADY LEY brought her pretty daughter Bridget, Lady Earle was there with Belinda, and the Hon. Mrs. Bowater with her daughter Charlotte, who was in a





## CADET PARTNERS AT SCHOOL BALL

THE girls of the Paddock Wood Finishing School held a very successful ball at the Pantiles Restaurant, near Bagshot, in Surrey. Left: Miss Lella Nerry cuts her birthday cake watched by Miss Christina Bailey, Senior Cadet Derek Johnson and Junior Under Officer Simon Small



*Miss Aurora von Essen, daughter of Baroness von Essen and a débutante this year, was dancing with Mr. S. Osmond*

group of young friends with her cousin, Miss Polly Eccles.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Burke left for Easter in the South of France, with their family Meriel, Miranda, Melanie and Kevin, and are staying at their delightful house on the sea, Le Clos de la Garoupe. Their visit will only be a brief one as Meriel is having her dance in London in May.

★ ★ ★

ONE evening recently I fitted in visits to the committee meetings for the Chelsea Red Cross Ball, the Pied Piper Ball, and lastly the Air Ball.

The Chelsea Red Cross Ball is on April 21 at the Chelsea Town Hall, and promises to be very gay with plenty of young people present. Small supper tables are to be arranged around the ballroom and in the Council Chamber, and there is to be a really good cabaret, and a tombola. Mr. Richard Edmonds is chairman of the Senior Ball Committee and the very active Junior Committee has the Hon. Diana Howard as chairman. Among those supporting her by selling tickets, getting prizes for the tombola and actively helping with the organization, are Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones, Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, Miss Susan Babington, Miss April Eccles, the Hon. Mrs. Stephen Rose, Miss Joanna Adams and Miss Belinda Vaughan.

The Mayor of Chelsea, Mr. Guy Edmiston, who is patron of the ball, has done everything to help the committee keep their expenses down, and every penny of profit goes to the Chelsea Red Cross Building Fund. The target is £500. Tickets, which include buffet supper, have been kept to the very reasonable price of 25s. each or 45s. for a double ticket, and may be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mr. J. H. Brookson, Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3.

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THE Lord's Taverners are organizing a star-studded cricket dance at the Empire Rooms, London, W.1, on April 19. This is to raise funds for the National Playing Fields Association, and to help their special fund which provides artificial cricket pitches for young cricketers who would otherwise be unable to practise. This is the first time such an all-London cricket function has been attempted, and is surely well timed with the victorious Test team just returning to this country. Tickets can be had from Peter Haigh, Esq., 6 Hall Road, London, N.W.8.



*Mlle. Martine Theves and Mr. Richard Rhodes at their table. There were nearly a hundred guests at this very gay ball*



*Miss Van der Haege was talking to Mr. Franco Pratesi during an interval in the evening's dancing, which everyone enjoyed*



*Senior Cadet P. J. Chynoweth chatting by the fireplace to S.U.O. Michael Kearon, Miss Catherine Dreyfus and Miss Florence de Beaulieu*

Desmond O'Neill



# HIGH SUMMER AT STRATFORD

THERE is a happy pattern about the forthcoming season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon. Sir Laurence Olivier, with Vivien Leigh, does not so much go there as return.

For it was at Stratford, on the stage of the old theatre now replaced, that he first trod a public stage. This was just thirty-three years ago and Master Olivier, then aged fifteen, and a pupil at St. Edward's School, Oxford, played Kate the curst—and one naturally expects that he was Kate the Praised—in a schoolboy performance of *The Taming Of The Shrew*.

In that month John Gielgud had just finished his first season on the stage and at the Old Vic. Now Sir John is very much in the Stratford picture for he is directing *Twelfth Night* with which the new season opens on April 12.

So there is a twice-knightly start with Sir John and Sir Laurence in partnership. Then the former prepares to serve Stratford's second great venture of the year, which is a tour of European capitals broken by a season in London; the journey will include English provincial cities and end with some weeks at Stratford itself. He will have Peggy Ashcroft with him and the plays will be *King Lear* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

The town in which all this occurs has grown but has not been swamped since Sir Laurence first performed there. It is still a piece of English country life. What have grown enormously have been the ambition, the appeal and the visitation of its theatre.

For a long time the London stars did not care to undertake Stratford seasons; these broke up the year and were thought to confer insufficient glory. (High salaries there could not, and cannot, be: the great go there for Stratford's sake and for the tremendous rôles that Shakespeare wrote for actors evermore.)

Now all that has been altered. The "box office names" are happy to forget their incomes for a while and to give what is, with preparatory planning and rehearsals, virtually a year to playing Shakespeare "on the home ground." Sir Laurence and Vivien Leigh follow Peggy Ashcroft, Diana Wynyard, Margaret Leighton, the late Sir Godfrey Tearle, Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson and Michael Redgrave to the theatre on Avon's bankside.

Not content with building up the local reputation and winning Stratford an international name, Anthony Quayle and his colleagues have gone into the export market with triumphant tours in Europe, Australia and New Zealand. And this year there will be two Stratford companies of the highest calibre, the home team with the Oliviers and the Gielgud-Ashcroft company at large at home and abroad. There has been plenty of organizing for George Hume and his colleagues in the managerial office to undertake. Theatrical victories are made possible at the desk as well as the dais.

So to Stratford. *Twelfth Night* will raise the year's curtain. Orsino's "If music be the food of love, play on!" is a happy opening note for any season. It was with this sweet comedy, as the ingenious Dr Leslie Hotson



The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon in floodlit magnificence looks over the river. The old theatre was destroyed by fire in 1926, not such a great misfortune, as it was too small by far to seat the ever growing audiences



Peggy Ashcroft, who with Sir John Gielgud will be coming to Stratford after their Continental tour and West End appearance



Anthony Quayle, as Coriolanus. He is a director and has done much to build Stratford's international reputation

Angus McBean



IVOR BROWN, whose many years of brilliant and constructive dramatic criticism have made his name a household word with actors and playgoers alike, writes here of the forthcoming Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival, and the names and performances that will adorn it

has (almost certainly) proved, that Queen Elizabeth entertained a real Count Orsino just come from Italy in January, 1601.

In the past, Vivien Leigh has brought her beauty to Juliet, Titania, Ophelia and some of the History Queens: her largest, and latest, success was as Cleopatra. The most enchanting heroine of all, Viola, is now her assignment, and her performance is eagerly awaited. It is a nice coincidence for those whom puns, so dear to Shakespeare, do not afflict, that Lady Olivier will be speaking the lines:

*Holla your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out Olivia.*

Sir Laurence plays Malvolio, a character who so took the fancy of the early audiences that the play came to be known as *Malvolio* and not as *Twelfth Night*.

Here the pattern reasserts itself. For Gielgud played Malvolio when Sadler's Wells Theatre was reopened in 1931 as a north London partner to the south London Old Vic. Olivier did appear in *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic in 1937, but his part was Sir Toby. In that season he also played *Macbeth*, which rôle he will rebuild, with all his added strength and experience, at Stratford, as his second venture. Glen Byam Shaw will be the director and the opening will be on June 7.

LAST of the plays in which the Oliviers will appear is *Titus Andronicus*, due on August 16. This has never been seen at Stratford before and very rarely elsewhere. The Marlowe Society of Cambridge University recently gave it an airing in a truncated version and its catalogue of horrors did not, as was feared, turn out ludicrous. It has some authentic grandeur as well as a lot of "Grand Guignol." "Enter Lavinia, with her hands cut off and her tongue cut out and ravisht." Strong stuff, but shot with lines like this:

*Oh had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute.*

The scholars who say that *Titus* was too crude for Shakespeare to have written it must explain the presence of some truly Shakespearian lines. Vivien Leigh, as Lavinia, has to undergo all this mutilation. Peter Brook's lively touch in production and decoration is engaged to keep this tale of horrors from becoming a "horror comic."

The other plays at Stratford will be *The Merry Wives Of Windsor* on July 12, Glen Byam Shaw producing. This will bring Anthony Quayle, who plays the Negro Aaron in *Titus*, back to the Falstaffian paunch and padding in which he waddled and jested so delightfully four years ago in the *Henry IV* plays. It is nice to know that Angela Baddeley (Mrs. Byam Shaw) who has been too long absent from the stage, returns this year as Mistress Page and also as Maria in *Twelfth Night*.

In view of the *Titus* experiment, it cannot be said of Stratford that it timidly sticks to the certain "box office" plays. Another venture with a difficult piece, not often presented, will be *All's Well That Ends Well* (April 26),



Vivienne

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH will be the outstanding attraction at Stratford this year. Theirs will be the home company, and the plays will include *Twelfth Night* and *All's Well That Ends Well*, directed by Sir John Gielgud

directed by Noel Willman, and with Joyce Redman and Michael Denison to play Helena and Bertram. Helena's pursuit of her man offers almost a preview of a Shavian heroine, and her conduct is apt to disconcert the romantically minded who think that "if music be the food of love," it should not be played to a tune so unromantic. But doubtless it will work out surprisingly well, as not long ago it did at the Old Vic.

BOTH the Home and Away Stratford teams will contain supporting casts of full strength and nicely varied talents. At Stratford the leaders will have Alan Webb, Keith Michell, William Devlin and Ralph Michael on the male side, while Maxine Audley, so vivid in all "dark lady" parts, and Rosalind Atkinson, so vivacious in the nurse and hostess type of rôle, will speak for the women. The Gielgud-Ashcroft company will include Moira Lister, Helen Cherry, George Devine, Denholm Elliott, Anthony Ireland and Raymond Westwell.

The "look of the thing" will be well looked after. It is extremely expensive to mount a Shakespearian production in "full fig" with present-day costs. But with the assurance of full houses, Stratford, which incidentally has never had a penny of public endowment for its work in its own theatre, need not be limited to bare-bones and "shoe-string" presentations. The names of Roger Furse, Malcolm Pride, "Motley" and Mariano Andreu, as scenic

designers, are guarantees of quality: I know nothing of Isamo Noguchi, who is handling the décor of the Gielgud *Lear*. But Sir John will not be seeking novelty for novelty's sake. With the name of Leslie Bridgewater as a music adviser we are assured of melody in tune with the text and times of Shakespeare.

FINALLY, I advise the visitor to get about and look around. In London there is scarcely anything left of the town and the buildings that Shakespeare knew. In Stratford there is abundance. The Old Clopton Bridge may be inadequate for the traffic which Shakespeare's name attracts, but it is the same many-arched beauty that he trod. Church and birthplace and the garden of New Place are obvious choices and so is the old Hathaway home at nearby Shutter. Now, too, we can see all over a well-preserved Elizabethan home—Hall's Croft where the poet's son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, lived and practised, dispensing those old medical concoctions which now seem rather like something out of a witches' cauldron. None the less, he made his cures and was a much respected man.

One last thing about Stratford. Most of the sights are within a few minutes walk and Shutter is only a mile away. Merely to take a stroll by the river is to be in the Shakespeare workshop. Quite a lot of it is still as he saw it, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," or "commencing poet" and returning to find his leisure and (too soon) his last, long sleep.



# Roundabout

George Gulley\*



"... In one London saloon bar I encountered a brewer's drayman"

THE newspaper strike has produced some unexpected sidelights. In one London saloon bar I encountered a brewer's drayman, a splendid specimen direct from the nicest sort of advertisement, solemnly digesting the *Economist*, along with his sandwiches, whilst next door to him stood an exceedingly hard-boiled theatrical impresario who was deep in the most womanly pages of *Home Notes*. Possessors of the *Manchester Guardian* became unwontedly popular and *Figaro* suddenly discovered hordes of new readers.

In Fleet Street itself journalists were subjected to the most stultifying of all ordeals: that of producing thousands of words destined for print but not for publication, since day by day the routine of creating newspapers went on as inexorably as if they would in reality reach the news-hungry millions.

More than one old hand lamented the days when Churchill descended from Whitehall in the General Strike of 1926, sequestering the presses of the *Morning Post* to edit that ephemeral and remarkably sober journal the *British Gazette*.

Twenty-nine years ago there was exhilaration in the enterprise of keeping the public informed, but this time each editor waited, his paper continually ready for the switch which would make his presses roll. Only the hostilities of the Street benefited, for frustration and abstinence rarely walk hand in hand.

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RALPH Fox, who was an eminent British Communist of the 1920s, detailed to me the party's plans for the General Strike many months before May Day, 1926. It was, if successful, to have been a signal for similar activities throughout the Empire and have fired the powder trail leading to revolution. He was an earnest young schoolmaster who

became indoctrinated whilst with the American Red Cross in Russia. Later he wandered the steppes, acquiring horses for the Red Army, and claimed to have been appointed a Commissar. His biography of Lenin still ranks among the most readable of its type.

I have never known a man who so enjoyed the prospect of mischief-making: his mild donnish face would become as animated as if his body had suddenly been occupied by a different and powerful entity, yet at these times his eyes grew cold at the prospect of wielding a power which did not envisage mercy. A sniper's bullet ended his life during the Spanish Civil War, so removing a man who might very easily have written an ugly page or so in the history of the last two decades.

THE "emergency office" in which I served in those far-off strike days was a sort of combined Civil Defence post and Employment Exchange. It swarmed with volunteers boasting of all the talents needed for the re-establishment of ordered life. As each earnest figure came up for interview, one became aware of two types



"Most stultifying of ordeals..."

whose prowess was in what we now call "Top Priority Demand." They both entered sheepishly and eyed each other like ladies at a tea party who have not been introduced. They were bus drivers who wanted jobs on the footplate, and engine drivers who reckoned that they could handle motor buses without the slightest difficulty.

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FAME makes her entrance by some very odd doorways. A television lovely is besieged by autograph hunters (which is today's hallmark of success) simply because she does nothing on the screen and merely looks as if she might speak at any moment.

An international Rugby team, a week or so back, was short of a reserve forward for its match in Paris. This was one of those last-minute emergencies which selectors wisely foresee and provide against. They rang up the man they wanted, and he agreed to travel with them. A second emergency then arose: he had no passport. Neither had their second choice, nor their third, whilst the fourth had his, but it was hopelessly out of date.

Their final cast around the tenth inquiry brought in a man with the vital document, a neglected Blue of ten years standing, not even included in his own 1st XV but relegated to the "A" class, no longer in his Rugby prime. He travelled with them, armed with his talisman, and since he felt that the selectors had owed him a debt for some years, took the preliminary parties in a light-hearted stride.

A few hours before the match, the blow fell. A forward strained a muscle and the last reserve was called up.

He played a magnificent game, saving the day over and over again, finishing in a blaze of victorious glory, the hero of friend and foe alike.



## LOVE TOKEN

*Mysterious one, when from the blossoming  
year  
As April's Aphrodite you appear,  
What springtide promise will those lips  
proclaim?*

*Will we not tremble for this lovely frame,  
Beguiling Budget? . . . ay, but we will wax  
More ardent if your love's a lower tax.*

—JEAN STANGER

Two friends of mine have invented, or perhaps revived, one of those silly games which sometimes become so popular that the world is swamped with them before they die a sudden unlamented death. This one is the postcard game. Player A writing from Biarritz out of season (the resort and postmark must be genuine) opens with a message running, for example: "How extraordinary to find the Bensons here. Amy tells me she is still president of that strange league she started in 1919. Mrs. Whipple has found some delightful old English horsebrasses in a kiosk in the foyer of her hotel. In do hope you have decided to change your hair-do in time for the Kershaws' at home." Player B counters from Bermuda with sterner stuff. "It has been very wet and Queenie Huxtable's bridge has *not* improved. I have finished four sachets for the fête."

By now A has got as far as Madrid, so he retorts (on a picture of bull fighting), "Have met such a witty, informed and charming man here, a Mr. Elginbrod. He tells me he is on the Arts Council and is to choose Miss Godalming 1955 for the Costumes of the World pageant they are hoping to hold at Staines in June."

The latest specimen to reach me runs, "This is very like the north end of Bexhill, all those years ago. Remember? Such a joy! I have rediscovered four of my favourite Sheila Kaye Smiths in the library. Mrs. Forsdyke has insisted on buying a most unsuitably short pleated skirt in an *outrageous* pattern. Poochie sends a friendly yap." This item I regret to say was on a coloured view of Princes Street, Edinburgh, and the player, who has a nasty mind, considers himself to be leading by a distance.

An elderly, well-matured voice (class of Croft '04) rang this office last week, demanding authoritatively an editor of great eminence, but alas dead these many years. Told of this sad news, he seemed only momentarily disturbed. In that case he would speak to his other old friend, who was doubtless now in command, another honoured name but no longer this side of Paradise. He was told gravely of this. "What I really want to know, my dear sir," he explained, "is the date of the Duke of Gloucester's birthday."

Research revealed that it was on March 31.

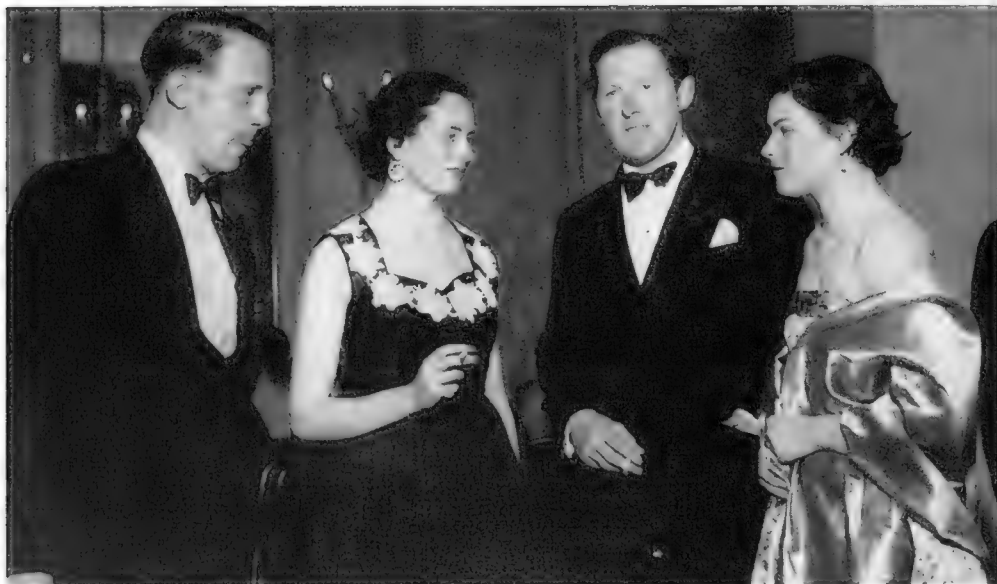
"Too bad," said the voice. "Missed that too, what?"

\* In the absence of Paul Holt on vacation.



THE RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, P.C., C.H., M.A., F.R.G.S., is, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, more directly exposed to the criticism, or alternatively the praise, of his countrymen than any other member of the Cabinet—collective responsibility notwithstanding—for the Budget has high-powered, short term effects on every individual, whatever its implications to the State as economic strategy. No more admirable shoulderer of this burden (or, more happily, sustainer of these plaudits) could be found than Mr. Butler, for his career has shown him to be an admirably shrewd and objective conductor of our financial destinies. He had a brilliant record at Oxford, where he was President of the Union, and has brought over from those days a range of interests, including modern languages and travel, which are the best of all guarantees of a human and understanding approach to the immense problems of his office, with which are so closely bound up our own





*Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann, R.N., recently appointed sailing master of Bluebottle, Miss Susan Keigwin, Mr. Trevor Glanville, and Miss Joanna Fairtlough*



*Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, the guests of honour, Mrs. A. Goodson and Mr. Vernon Hunt from Aldeburgh, who took the chair that evening*



*Brig. F. P. Pinchard, secretary of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. at Cowes, with Mrs. Hobart Moore, Mrs. Pinchard and Mr. Hobart Moore*

## "SEA SWALLOWS" DINED TOGETHER

THE National Swallow Class held its annual dinner and dance at the Rembrandt Hotel. In the absence of the Class Captain, Mr. N. Moore, Mr. V. Hunt, Cdre. of the Hayling Island S.C., was chairman. The Swallows have divisions at Cowes, Hayling Island, Itchenor, Aldeburgh and Northern Ireland



*Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, part-owner of a boat with his twin brother Trevor, dancing with Miss Ann Evans who sails at Lowestoft*



*Gabor Denes  
Miss Rosemary Halford and Mr. Ian Buller who is hon. secretary of the Single Handed Sailing Association were two of the guests*



## SWALLOWS RACING TO WINDWARD

THE three boats of the Swallow class here beating up Chichester Harbour are Mr. David Pollock's Spoonbill, Mr. Robin Bevan's Cloud, and Hilbre, Mr. R. F. Whiteley. The Swallows are the smallest (25 ft. 6 ins.) overall keel boats among the national classes and were designed by Mr. Tom Thornycroft. Like Uffa Fox's Flying Fifteens they are capable of really fast planing in a fresh reaching breeze



## CLASS WITH A GREAT FUTURE

THE National Swallow Class owes its origin to the fact that when a new one-design was needed as an additional class in the 1948 Olympic Games, Tom Thornycroft's Toucan was chosen from many designs submitted. Several boats were built for the Olympic trials and the Games, and those who sailed them came to love them and wanted to go on sailing them.

The Y.R.A. (as the Royal Yachting Association then was) recognised their quality and gave the class national status. Incidentally, our only Olympic Gold Medal was won by Stewart Morris in Swift, and he still races her every season with undiminished success.

Since 1948 Swallows have been anything but idle, and to-day the class is just as notable for its great vitality and the

youthfulness of owners—both in age and outlook—as ever. In spite of the half-ton of lead in their keel they can be sailed like dinghies. With such qualities it is not surprising that some of our finest helmsmen sail them.

STRONG divisions of the class are based at Cowes (11), Itchenor (12), and Hayling Island (5)—the two latter often race together in Chichester Harbour—with a smaller, but not less keen fleet at Aldeburgh (5), and twelve boats in Northern Ireland.

The coming season is full of promise for the Swallows. Tom Thornycroft's Advice has been bought by Mr. Tod Inglis and three partners. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Moore's Sally—laid up last season owing to the preoccupation of her owners with their new farm—is fitted out again.

A new boat has been built this winter by Woodnutt's of St. Helens for Mr. John Patten; to be called Blithe Spirit, she will join the racing fleet at Cowes. She is built on the same principle in glued double-skinned mahogany as Blue Phantom, the Glanville twins' successful boat from the same yard. It will be interesting to see how these two boats fare against each other.

It reflects great credit on the class that one of its helmsmen, Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann, R.N., has been chosen as the new sailing master of Bluebottle, the Royal Dragon.

He is giving up his half share in the Swallow Nortazo, and while everybody in the class is pleased by this honour, it is hoped that he will return to the Swallows at some future date.

So the 1955 season is going to be the best ever for the Swallow class, and Trevor Glanville, the very active hon. secretary, is hoping for a record number of twenty-five boats to race during Cowes Week.

—Gabor Denes





## UNIVERSITY SKIERS IN NORWAY

A PRE-WAR competition was revived at Geilo, in Norway, this year, when ski teams from Oxford and Cambridge and the Scottish Universities were invited to meet one from Western Norway. Above: Ian Morin, who is a Frenchman and a member of the Oxford and Cambridge team



M. Strauss (Oxford and Cambridge) was third in the individual results of the Giant Slalom race on the first day. The home team were the competition winners



Giuseppe Gazzioni (Oxford and Cambridge) was a member of the team which gained second place in the Giant Slalom Race on the first day with a time of 4.27.2

J. Alan Cash



## Priscilla in Paris

## Tropical moment

ALL this breathlessness! One feels rather like Alice falling down the rabbit-hole and wondering whether she can curtsy as she falls. Not that I have any desire to curtsy. I would merely like to feel a little less rushed. Even the seasons telescope into each other in this cosmic scramble.

Having been ordered out of town after 'flu, kind friends loaned me their charming Normandy cottage for a long week-end. At least it was charming last August, but this stay was like sitting in a deep freezer. Even the hot-water bottle seemed to freeze towards dawn. Next day I was looking for the warmest hotel at Nogent-le-Rotrou, and having ascertained that the central heating at the Lion d'Or was really working, I went to bed with two hot-water bottles, several blankets, and one of those good, old-fashioned *édredons* (a light, mountainous mass of swansdown encased in crimson sateen) dear to provincial France. I sighed with contentment as I switched off the light, and the sigh materialised into mist as it took body in the frosty air of the open window.

WHEN awakened by the knock that announced my *café complet* next morning, I found myself sweltering in what was, practically, a vapour bath. A midsummer sun was darting its rays into the room. The little maid, who had been a cocoon of woollies the night before, had become a bare-armed Hebe in a cotton frock. I gazed at the steaming coffee and dispatched her for iced orange-juice!

In the market-place below my window the cats and the dog that had been scorching themselves at the kitchen-fire last evening were stretching and scratching in the sunshine, the ice-crusted puddles had vanished, and the hardware store on the other side of the Place was taking stoves and radiators out of its windows and replacing them with refrigerators.

All the way up to Paris I saw country people in their shirt-sleeves. The mid-day papers had headlines about record-breaking temperatures and June weather in April. Maybe. But what a pleasant change





## THE WIFE OF A BELGIAN NOBLE

**P**RINCESS JEAN DE LIGNE, whose husband belongs to a famous Belgian family, is seen in her apartment in the Avenue Foch, Paris. Her husband owns the mediæval Chateau d'Antoing in Belgium and large properties in the Belgian Congo. They have three children, one of whom, an eight-year-old son, is at school in England

F. J. Goodman

it would be to have April weather in April.

Paris is a lovely but a tricky wench. Turn one's back on her for a few days, and on one's return one finds all sorts of playful changes. Of course, we are accustomed to new one-way streets cropping up, overnight and to finding one's most useful motor-bus taking an almost completely new route, but what I find even more annoying is that they seem to have changed the parking hours. Visitors, please note.

**B**ELIEVING that one could leave one's car from midnight to midnight, I parked my Small Snorter (otherwise Elegant Elizabeth) at 12.30 a.m. on the 23rd of the current month, outside the No. 43 of the street where I dwell, and where, I imagined, it had right-of-position for twenty-four hours. Next morning, however, I found a ticket under my windscreen-wiper. It seems that from midnight to midnight is "out" and that from eight o'clock to the same hour next day is now correct.

Midnight was more convenient. At present, if one gets home latish, one must rise earlyish to trundle the old 'bus over to the right side of the street. Perhaps the answer to that is: Stay out *all* night! I wonder if our traffic ordinators have an interest in the night clubs and cabarets?

**H**ow the City Fathers will make us really angry, however, is if they carry out their threat to destroy the pigeons that are as much a feature of Paris as they are of Venice or London or Brussels. There have also been threats against the stray cats that kindly people feed in the Luxembourg gardens. We try to console ourselves with the knowledge that the manner in which these mass destructions are to be carried out is still undecided and that the S.P.A. is up in arms.

Unfortunately, there seems to be no society for the prevention of cruelty to trees, and we are seriously alarmed at the way the plane and chestnut trees, that are part

of the beauty of the town, are being sacrificed in order to widen certain thoroughfares, though Heaven knows that we drive fast enough in this city not to need the encouragement of more space in which to drive faster. Paris without pigeons, cats, trees and traffic jams would be too melancholy to contemplate.

**T**wo theatrical revivals enchant us, Jean Giraudoux's *Intermezzo*, produced by J. L. Barrault at the Marigny, with the clever people of his company, who are so well known in London, and, at the Michodière, André Roussin's *Les Œufs de l'Autruche*, brilliantly played by Pierre Fresnay.

### Plus ça change . . .

● Maurice Chevalier wonders whether the cost of living has really gone up: "It took the wool of several sheep to dress a woman when I was young," he declares, "but nowadays most of them seem to manage on a couple of silkworms!"



## At the Theatre

# Honest Abe spoils it

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

LIKE most Catholic novelists, Mr. Julien Green is much preoccupied with sin and its consequences in human suffering, and in his first play, *South*, brought from Paris to the Arts Theatre, he has chosen the darkest of themes and set it in South Carolina, on the eve of the opening of hostilities between the North and the South in 1861. He has handled the dark theme with courage and complete sincerity; yet the play somehow just fails to fulfil its full purpose.

Why this should be so it is not easy to say. I am inclined myself to think that the setting is wrong. It is a setting which raises so many different questions—the rights of the South to use Negro slave labour, the rights of men holding a common citizenship to take up arms against each other, the rights of peoples to fight at all.

THE discussion of these questions, though used by Mr. Green with much adroitness to hang ironic lights and cross-lights over his central situation, does not, in fact, serve its purpose well. The questions seemed to belong to some other play, say,

to *Abraham Lincoln*, and we expect them either to be discussed a little less tentatively or not at all. They are constantly getting in the way of more important questions which we want answered.

WE want to know why Regina cannot help loving the handsome Pole who is wearing the Federal uniform, and why she hates herself for loving him. He treats her with studied insolence. She would mind that less if she did not feel something sinister in his personality. She suspects that he has sadistic tendencies, and is horrified when he is commissioned by the kindly Southern gentleman to thrash his son for having lifted his hand to a Negro working on the plantation. The helpless

passion of her love and her instinctive revulsion are beautifully brought out in the first act.

It is only later, when the Pole has encountered the rigidly moral young man who is visiting the family, that all the talk of civil war and all the misgivings of the humane planter begin to get in the way of the real theme. This is because the dramatic interest has shifted from the girl's hopeless passion to the man's realisation that he is in the grip of something stronger than himself, and that the grip must tighten till it strangles him.

AFTER discussions which are slightly irritating because they are slightly incongruous, there emerges a scene of fine dramatic irony in which the two men, one of them wholly ignorant of what the other dare not tell him, work out their fate.

By this time the Pole has gained our sympathy; and we recognise that in striking the other across the mouth and provoking a duel, he has done all he can do to end an impossible situation.

The actors are a little handicapped by having to use an American accent, and, oddly enough, it is Mr. Denholm Elliott who appears most conscious of the handicap. He is not always easy to hear, and one vital sentence goes altogether with the wind. Even so, his performance is an impressive piece of acting. He is admirable in the cool insolence of his bearing to the girl, who cannot help letting him see that she loves him; in the sharp brutality with which he tells her he knows her secret; and in the subtle modulations through which he shows that the man has begun to suffer deeply, and in the unrewarded humility with which, at the last, he begs the girl's pardon for his cruelty.

MISS CLARE AUSTIN matches this performance with one of clear-cut sincerity, and Mr. André Morrell makes the best of the unrewarding part of the humane planter, whose mind throughout is tortured with intimations of all the general suffering that civil war will cause.



A VERY SERIOUS YOUNG MAN, Eric MacClure (Lynden Brook), into whose Southern mentality has infiltrated many Northern ideas, regards Angelina's (Zena Walker) declaration of love with deep and irresistible misgiving



REGINA (Clare Austin) finds out that it is possible to love and hate at the same time, Jan Wicziewsky (Denholm Elliott) thinks that it is simpler merely to hate, and Edward-Broderick (André Morrell) is tortured by his family's feuds and tragedies





## MASTER OF MIRTH

Bud Flanagan, uncrowned  
King of the Crazy Gang

THE inimitable Bud Flanagan and the Crazy Gang are appearing to-night, April 13th, at the Royal Performance in the Opera House, Blackpool, during the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Tour of Lancashire. The sublime fooling of Bud Flanagan and the gang have brought tears of helpless laughter and delight to the eyes of theatregoers since they were first seen at the London Palladium twenty-three years ago. Bud Flanagan's stage association with Chesney Allen, terminated by Allen's illness in 1944, recalls a team whose songs were whistled by every errand boy in London. The drawing by Youngman Carter shows him as a merry monk in the Crazy Gang show, *Jokers Wild*



## At the Pictures

## Under the fjord



BILL OWEN in the role of "Birdie" Dick, wartime P.O. who rejoins his officers in their old motor gunboat for nefarious peacetime activities, in *The Ship That Died of Shame*



GEORGE BAKER as Lt.-Cdr. Bill Randall and Virginia McKenna as his young wife Helen, in one of the wartime scenes from the film, which has been made at Ealing Studios from the story by Nicholas Monsarrat



RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH plays the role of Lt. George Hoskins, second-in-command of the little ship during the war, and afterwards leader of the gang who buy the motor gunboat for their smuggling operations

YOU could hardly ask for a more thrilling or fascinating subject than the Royal Navy's midget submarines in the last war. Their early failures and then their triumph in the crippling of the German battleship Tirpitz give a Homeric quality to this epic of naval inventiveness and courage. Not even the club bore could kill this yarn.

The story of Pinewood's *Above Us the Waves* is this very story. For the above reasons the film cannot help being exciting. But only just. The production is so undistinguished that there are moments when one fears that it will accomplish the incredible feat of making even this subject dull.

JOHN MILLS is the officer in charge of the operation and, despite a script which at times seems to be carved out of pure wood, he gives a satisfactory performance. Under the same handicap, other leading characters are played by John Gregson, Donald Sinden, Michael Medwin and James Kenney. James Robertson Justice makes a testy admiral with a facial hair-do that places a strain even on naval regulations.

The Tirpitz lies in Trondheim fjord in Norway, a constant threat to our shipping. How can she be immobilised? First, it is decided to use "human torpedoes" ridden by two men each. We follow the training of these men and their attempt on the Tirpitz, which was defeated by a storm.

A second attack is planned, with midget submarines this time. They are towed to the Norwegian coast. There follows the brilliant and successful attack by three of these craft, in which one was lost and the crews of the other two surrendered, having achieved their task.

There is great suspense in this last attack. But a lack of precision about the direction makes it sometimes confusing. In an attempt to be natural and matter-of-fact, the script mostly succeeds only in being banal.

TURNING to Hollywood, one wonders what is happening. Maybe it is the effect of the H-bomb or Dr. Billy Graham or something, but here we have, in *A Man Called Peter*, the old sorceress donning the evangelist's mantle and apparently trying to reform us with all the resources of 20th Century-Fox, CinemaScope, De Luxe Colour and stereophonic sound. Is this to be Hollywood's new line? If so, I shall have to hand over my job to an ecclesiastical critic.

The Reverend Peter Marshall was a Scottish immigrant who made so good as to become chaplain to the U.S. Senate and much-loved minister of a leading Presbyterian church in Washington. When he died in 1949, only forty-six years old, his wife Catherine wrote his biography. It was an American best-seller and is the story of this film.

Whatever your religious views, I do not think you can fail to be impressed by the integrity of this man's life and the integrity with which the film has been made.

MARSHALL seems to have been an inspired and inspiring man, with unusual preaching powers. The film succeeds in depicting him as such. Great credit is due to Richard Todd, who discharges the onerous task of portraying Marshall with skill and distinction. It is the best performance I have seen from him yet. Even though the sermons are striking—they are Marshall's own—it is no more easy to hold a congregation's attention from a wide screen than it is from a pulpit. Todd succeeds in turning the cinema audience into an attentive congregation.

The film deals with Pastor Marshall's early struggles, spiritual and material, his call to the ministry and his pastoral work and its difficulties, both private and public, with a simplicity and directness quite refreshing in the commercial cinema. It makes an interesting and often moving narrative. There is a charming love-story between him and his wife Catherine, whom Jean Peters plays sensitively.



James Robertson Justice as an admiral, with John Mills and John Gregson as submariners, in *Above Us the Waves*, the story of the underwater attack on the battleship Tirpitz

DIRECTNESS and simplicity, too, mark the Japanese film *Children of Hiroshima*. It deals, not with the first impact of the atom bomb, but

with its social aftermath in Hiroshima to-day. Not the dead, but the orphaned children, the ruined lives of the survivors, the disrupted society which that shattering blast has left behind. It does not preach. There are few traces of bitterness. Only one outcry of complaint is heard, from a blinded beggar, and that is against war in general. The message of the film is that the human spirit and human love can triumph even over this unspeakable nightmare of death and suffering.

HORROR is more implicit than visual. The central character is a schoolmistress, finely played by Nobuko Otowa, who returns to Hiroshima five years after the bomb. Three of her pupils are still alive, and, as we seek them out in her company, we are introduced at every turn to the consequences of the bomb: the orphaned boy cared for by his maimed grandfather; the young woman who has been rendered sterile; the crippled girl who wants to marry; the young people who suddenly sicken and die, years after, of "atomic disease."

Although there is every temptation to cheapen the appeal to our emotions, it is scrupulously resisted, and we are left with an account which is objective and cool. The acting and direction are excellent. Bertrand Russell, O.M., has said, rightly: "It is a most impressive film that should be very widely seen, and I hope it will be."

—Dennis W. Clarke





PROUD SHIP speeds through the water on its way to patrol the enemy coast. Motor gunboat 1087 was one of the "little ships" that made history with its fine wartime record. *The Ship That Died of Shame* is the film of how it kept its honour to the end, although its former officers used her in peacetime on business which was far removed from that for which she was built

## Television

### FULL VOICED CHOIR

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

WHAT with "Opera for Everybody," "Opera for All" and "Music for You," there is no lack of perseverance in the attempt to bring music to us all. TV may even succeed in turning us into a nation of music-lovers.

George Foa's last "Opera for Everybody," the gay and lively *Il Campanello* by Donizetti, must have delighted most people. Eric Robinson's "Music for You" has grown steadily bolder and less hackneyed until last month's instalment might have been music for almost anybody: a perfect group of Spanish songs by the ravishing Marina de Gabarain (surely a born Carmen?), Adele Leigh in the too-rarely heard aria from *Louise*, and the exquisitely grave quartet of schoolgirls playing home-carved wooden pipes.

To-morrow "Opera for All" brings us an abridged version of the Arts Council Touring Opera Group's production of *Così fan tutte*, a work nobody can well resist.

RUDOLPH CARTIER'S Sunday production, *Midsummer Sorrow*, should be nearer his element than the snobs of *The Creature*. He has transplanted Sudermann's play from East Prussia in 1880 to Mexico to-day. The Mexican Ambassador has lent authentic costumes, and Laurence Payne and Patrick Troughton with

Jeanette Sterke sound well cast to wear them.

Saturday's new serial, *The Mulberry Accelerator*, is a sequel to probably the only cheerful serial yet televised here, *The Six Proud Walkers*. Donald Wilson, the author, created at least two potentially popular characters and Anne Crawford and Andrew Osborn will again play them.

Saturday also brings back pretty Mary Parker, this time introducing a fortnightly "Saturday Night Date."

I AM sorry that "In the News" (Friday) has already gone back to its old M.P.s for mudslinging. The extra-Parliamentary, though by no means non-party, quartet, with Lady Pakenham and Lady Birkenhead, Randolph Churchill and George Woodcock, by being more candid and less cynical inspired more confidence.



## The gramophone

### SEA FABLE

FEW experiences are more stimulating than to hear the English language beautifully spoken. From time to time the gramophone record companies have given us superb examples of the spoken word delivered by some of our most distinguished actors and actresses.

Recently the Argo Record Company has

concentrated upon an "Anthology of Spoken Poetry." Number nine in this series has just become available.

It is devoted in the main to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, the last two bands on this twelve-inch Long Play carrying *Xanadu* and the lovely short poem *Frost At Midnight*.

For this recording Richard Burton was selected to speak *The Mariner* and its two mess-mates. The choice of this exceptionally talented young actor is indeed rewarding.

His interpretation is much more than just a poetry reading. He gives a performance of great intelligence and power using his magnificent voice with superb effect. The part of the Narrator is spoken with telling sincerity by John Neville, that of the Wedding Guest by Robert Hardy.

IT would be difficult to imagine any other three voices being more suited to the task they have so successfully completed, and all praise is due to them for the way they have made the poetry live.

Not only will this recording be invaluable to the discerning educationist, but it must also at once be accepted as another feather in the caps of all concerned in its creation.

All poetry should command attention when read aloud, and Richard Burton and his two colleagues have, by the quality of their craftsmanship, given us a supreme example of the real value of the spoken word. Wordsworth said that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. How full of proud delight would he have been had he heard this recording of his friend's poetry. (ARGO. RG. 41.)

—Robert Tredinnick





*Pageantry by night : the massed band of the Regiment marching on to the floodlit square*



*The Colonel of the Regiment, Major-Gen. A. W. Lee, C.B., M.C., and Mrs. Lee going to the buffet during the Regimental dance*



*Mrs. Gordon Harrison escorted by Major H. K. Robinson, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, were greeting friends in the cocktail bar*

*Major  
Miss  
steps*



*The Rev. D. I. R. Thomas and his wife. During the course of the celebrations there was a parade to the cathedral for a service*



## A GREAT LINE REGIMENT HAD ITS 250<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY

MANY officers, past and present, attended the celebrations when the South Staffordshire Regiment held its 250th anniversary at Lichfield, where the Regiment was raised. The old-style uniforms made a magnificent sight as the men marched by in the searchlight tattoo



H. James, the Worcestershires, and Patricia Parsons watching the intricate dance in a South American number



Capt. P. L. F. Baillon, Major W. A. Cole, O.C., Depot, South Staffs and Mercian Brigade, and Capt. W. J. Barclay, M.M.



Mr. T. V. Lironi, Miss Anne Batty and Mr. R. V. Lironi, of the South Staffordshire Regiment. The dance was in the Garrison Theatre



Van Hallan

The Old Guard in uniforms identical to those worn by the Regiment at their formation in 1705, at the impressive searchlight tattoo





BRIGGS—by Graham

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

**G**AY PAREE in a nutshell—correct us if wrong—was the recent experience of a couple of rollicking Nordics who went (*vide Press*) into a nightclub near the Folies-Bergère, were immediately surrounded by jolly, friendly girls and cheery waiters opening champagne-bottles at £10 a crack, enjoyed a lot of fun, failed to meet even half the bill, and finished up, after a fight with management and cops, in the cooler.

A formula; as one might say. Traditional. Even a blueprint. Under the Third Republic it happened almost nightly, and what chiefly hurts the Gay Paree boys, we found after once questioning one in a café, is the sudden, breathtaking, total cessation of the Entente Cordiale when the bill arrives. It would seem (said this chap bitterly) that the French, gay as they are, love money more than the Party Spirit. To soothe him we quoted Pascal: "Show me the merits wherewith you charmed these people and I will esteem you equally." So he displayed a sheaf of snapshots of the works in Leeds and girl friends at Blackpool, performed some amusing conjuring-tricks with corks and keys, juggled with bottles, moved his scalp and ears, sang a song or two, and told some long, funny dialect-stories. A real charmer (as he said himself), with one obvious flaw in his performance.

## Tip

**U**RGED to disclose this, we said: "You dropped a terrible brick. The French love a joke as much as you do, and you replied to their best one, the hit of the evening, by fighting them. One more comic song from you and they'd have torn up the bill and given you the run of the place. Probably."

He said he would pass this on to the lads at home. It is of course axiomatic. *Tout finit par des chansons* (Old French Legal Saw).

## Posy

**F**LORISTS do not greatly care, our spies report, for a citizen's cry to the papers that Mother's Day should in future be

postponed for a month to enable the populace to present their Mums with simple wildflowers fresh from the hedgerow. Cool! *What a nerve.*

The next step will be for some new rebel to allege that his Mums prefers a slab of home-made toffee on Mother's Day to a box of expensive candies. However, the choler of confectioners is, we gather, a fairy kiss compared with the fury of florists, who are long accustomed to issuing brisk orders to the citizenry via the poetry boys. E.g.:

Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew . . .

Yew-strewing was Matt ("Sweetness-and-Light") Arnold's original suggestion, we guess, but late one night a stranger with cold, menacing eyes called on him, saying briefly: "You got your floral angle wrong." Somebody with a gun called also, most likely, on R. Burns with reference to his poem originally beginning:

My love resembles Old Dog's Nose,  
That's sweetly sprung in June . . .

Personally we consider Old Dog's Nose (also known as Wild Bigamy) a more suitable flower to compare a girl to than a red, red rose. However, it isn't. Not ever. Not in any circumstances. Not at all. Clear? This programme comes to you by courtesy of the Floradora Mutual Benefit Corporation. Okay, Joe.



## Change

**I**N behalf of a chap bored with the standard murder-motif of the Whodunnit and howling for some new basic crime we beg to suggest to the racket a species of skulduggery as yet unexploited, so far as we know. The story might open thus:

As the last of the Commissioners strode from the room a wail broke from the dignified, grey-haired woman crouching by the fireside.

"They are accusing my Eric of simony, of which he is innocent as the babe unborn!"

The clear, scornful voice of Agnes Scattermole rang out as she faced a gaunter figure huddled in an armchair.

"This traffic in benefices must stop!"

Miss Scattermole's anger, though hasty, would be explicable. Simony (*vide Oxford English Dictionary*) is the crime of selling or buying ecclesiastical preferment—a theme for a Trollope. After being expelled with ignominy from the Athenæum the accused dignitary's innocence would be dramatically revealed, the villain being a king of the underworld called "Spike" Goldbaum and all the murders purely incidental. Another new basic crime, in the whodunnit sense, is barratry, or incitement to vexatious litigation. Taxidermous impersonation, or falsely pretending to be stuffed for nefarious ends, is another on the Statute Book, suitable for an MCC background. ("That is not a bear!" cried Lady Pamela, pointing. "Exactly," said Hemlock Smears drily.) Murder may be very easily blended with all these.

Never, now we think of it, describe a female novelist in her hearing as "a real Trollope." All hell breaks loose, for some reason.

## Call

**B**ITAIN's latest Front Page Doggie, in case you missed the news, is a Queensland Blue Heeler living in London who is being rung up once a fortnight from Italy by his mistress at 35/- a time. He takes the call seated comfortably in an armchair, with somebody holding the hand-set. It makes them both so happy, his mistress told the Press boys.

So it does this department, not to mention the Italian Government; but we think the sweetheart concerned should have given doggie-lovers some indication of the best things to talk about over the phone, since the weather and the cricket-results are soon exhausted. Down our way Major Rampole, who always rings up his Airedale, Harborough, from cocktail-parties, had a long phone-talk the other evening about the Pyramids, in which the Major has been keenly interested since discovering that their dimensions proved the Island Race to be the Lost Tribes. "One can no longer question the primary intention of Cheops, still less Rameses!" the Major was heard shouting above the uproar. "Once the principles of pre-Ptolemaic mensuration are firmly grasped your doubts, Harborough, will vanish like the morning dew."

To this Harborough apparently listened in sceptical silence, with an occasional dry interjection of "Oh, yes?" and "Pray continue."

Still, it's a line.

## A HANDSOME GIFT FROM MR. MAUGHAM

A COCKTAIL PARTY was given at The Times Bookshop to open an exhibition of the paintings which Mr. Somerset Maugham has presented to the trustees of the National Theatre, and to mark the publication of the book *The Artist and the Theatre*, in which Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson describe them. Many leading personalities of the literary and stage world were at the party, and the exhibition was opened by Lord Esher



*Mr. Raymond Mander points out a feature in a picture to Viscount Maugham, the donor's brother*



*Mr. Eric Coates, the composer, and his wife were also at this party in Wigmore Street*



*The Hon. Mrs. Kate Bruce, daughter of Lord Maugham, with Sir Harry Brittain*



*Mrs. John Waller, Jr., Mr. John Waller, chief proprietor and director of "The Times," and Mrs. John Waller were among the guests*



*Clayton Evans*

*Miss Phyllis Harding was discussing the pictures, which Mr. Somerset Maugham collected over a period of some thirty years, and of which more than forty were on view, with Mr. Derek Oldham, the singer*





## A STIRRUP CUP FOR THE WHIP

THE Grove and Rufford Hunt met recently at Worksop College, Nottinghamshire, during a break in morning school. The captain of the college, David Turner, is seen with the Whip, Mr. K. Spicer, who is enjoying a stirrup cup. The Joint Masters of the Grove and Rufford are Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Mr. Robert Hanson, of Norwood Grange, Huddersfield. The kennels are at Barnby Moor, Retford.

## At The Races

## VERY WINTRY DOUBLE

LINCOLN can quite easily be as cold as Newmarket "when the wind bloweth in from the sea," for there is nothing in the way to stop it, and there is no shelter. On the official opening day of the flat season it was cold enough to freeze the nose off "Auld Horney" himself, and with the favourites not exactly in their best form, and winners not easy to find, I verily believe that the only people who really enjoyed life were the bookmakers and Norman Bertie, who got a right and left with Butterscotch and Master Melody.

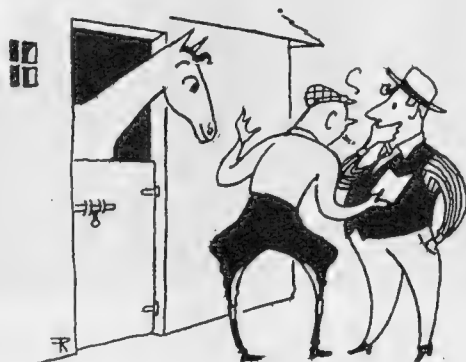
As to the rest, it was nearly a field day for the fielders, though I have not heard that any of them admitted it. Has anyone ever met a bookmaker who has—and this goes for any hotelier and mess caterer of a club or bar mess.

IN the very first race of the season the favourite went down and Fieldsman, a 7 to 1 shot, won with his head in his chest. I understand he was galloped on the sands, which often makes them go a bit round, but it did not in the case of this nice-actioned horse. I think he ought to get more than a mile and is one to watch in the future.

On the big race day the blast was very fierce, and all credit, therefore, is due to the winner, Military Court, for horses are not very fond of facing that sort of thing.

As to the National, the course was almost as wet as the one from Putney to Mortlake, plus a good deal of mud, and rain which came down in stair-roads. It was just about the worst possible, but, naturally, it failed to dampen the enthusiasm of one section of the audience; and "who would 'ut," for it was three in a row for the best young trainer they own, and every Irish eye was smiling.

QUARE TIMES was Vincent O'Brien's third, the other two having been Royal Tan and Early Mist, and there does not seem to be any reason why the score should not eventually be four, since Mrs. Welman's winner will only be ten years old by this time next year, and as he is one of the tough sort that wears almost for ever, why should he not do it again?



He won nearly as easily as Cambridge did, although there was not quite as much distance between him and the next behind. He was hardly out of the lead from the Canal Turn the second time, though Tudor Line may have headed him once or twice, but never by much. The jockey, P. Taaffe, rode him "magnificently," like everyone else who wins, but in this case the threadbare phrase is true! He had his horse in the right place at the right time, and won his race a pretty long way from home.

It was very unfeeling of the newspaper world to pick such a moment for its blood feud, the first, I think, in the whole history of this race, and, I hope, the last, for we can very well do without it. Much as we may sometimes cuss at our Sunday reading, we miss it when we don't get it, especially on an occasion when so much was going on in the world of sport. There is only one way to "see" a race; go and watch it, for somebody else's description is never the same, and it was not on this occasion. I think, however, that we people who did not go to the National were better off than those who did.

ONE last word, it was a real calamity when the Queen Mother's horse, M'as-Tu-Vu, fell after jumping at least three-quarters of the course brilliantly. It was about the last thing that was expected, for he is a real good performer, but in a steeplechase, and especially in the National, no one dare say that anything has won until it has jumped the last one with so much daylight between it and its next astern that there is no danger. However, M'as-Tu-Vu is not an old horse, so let's hope for better luck next time.

—SABRETACHE



*Taking a fence in good style: Mr. R. H. Woodhouse on his own horse Ack Ack and Mr. A. Geering, who was riding Chatte, the winner, half-way around the course in the Open Race*

## HEAVY GOING (FOR RACEGOERS) AT H. H. 'CHASES

ALTHOUGH rain turned the enclosures and car-parks into a sea of mud, a huge number of spectators enjoyed the Hampshire Hunt Meeting which was held at Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke.

GOING for the horses was luckily much better than for humans, and a first-class programme was carried through with much enthusiasm. It is described by Jennifer on pages 73-74



*Left: Mrs. John Ward, wife of the C.O. of the Household Cavalry, presenting the trophy for the R.H.G. Regimental race to the winner, Mr. Thomas Dunne*



*Right: Miss Gillian Roberts and Miss Sue Lepper, who hunts with the H.H., were making their way to the finishing-post for the R.H.G. race*



*Left: Miss Jennifer Sandiman and Mrs. Georgina Ablewhite were two of the riders taking part in the Ladies' Race, always a popular event*



*Right: Miss Jane Sheffield, who is a debutante this year, escorted by Mr. Ronald Ferguson, of the Life Guards, in the special enclosure*



## RIDERS FROM TEN COUNTIES MATCHED IN DORSET TRIALS



*Mrs. John Wilder, of the R. A. Hunt, shared third prize in the Hunter Pairs*

ONE of the most successful hunter trials ever held in the south took place at Frome Whitfield, near Dorchester, when fifty riders, representing packs from ten counties, competed. The organisers, the South Dorset Hunt, were assisted by an Army contingent from Bovington Camp, and the event ran most smoothly. The judges were Col. D. R. B. Kaye, D.S.O., Col. R. B. Hodgkinson, M.C., and Major W. M. Fox, M.F.H., and the hon. secretary was Cdr. Peter Parker, D.S.C., R.N.

THE principal award was the South Dorset Hunt Championship prize for the best performance in the Novice and Open trials, and was won by Mr. Gordon Cook, who rode Vixen, entered by Miss S. Ingram, of Romsey. The Hunt Pairs trophy went to Miss Annette Gibbon, on Betty Bouncer, and Miss Jean Lywood, riding Rufus, of the Wilton Hunt



*Waiting their turn to ride in one of the year's trials, and the organisers day for showing the capabilities*



*Left: Mrs. Perry was here riding with her husband, Lt.-Col. Stanley Perry, D.S.O., who was a most efficient Clerk of the Course*



*At one of the obstacles were Brig. Thompson and Mrs. Cameron Major A. Mayo's farm, and the*



Right: Miss Mavis Roberts, who was third in the Open, takes Fitz over a difficult jump with ease and assurance



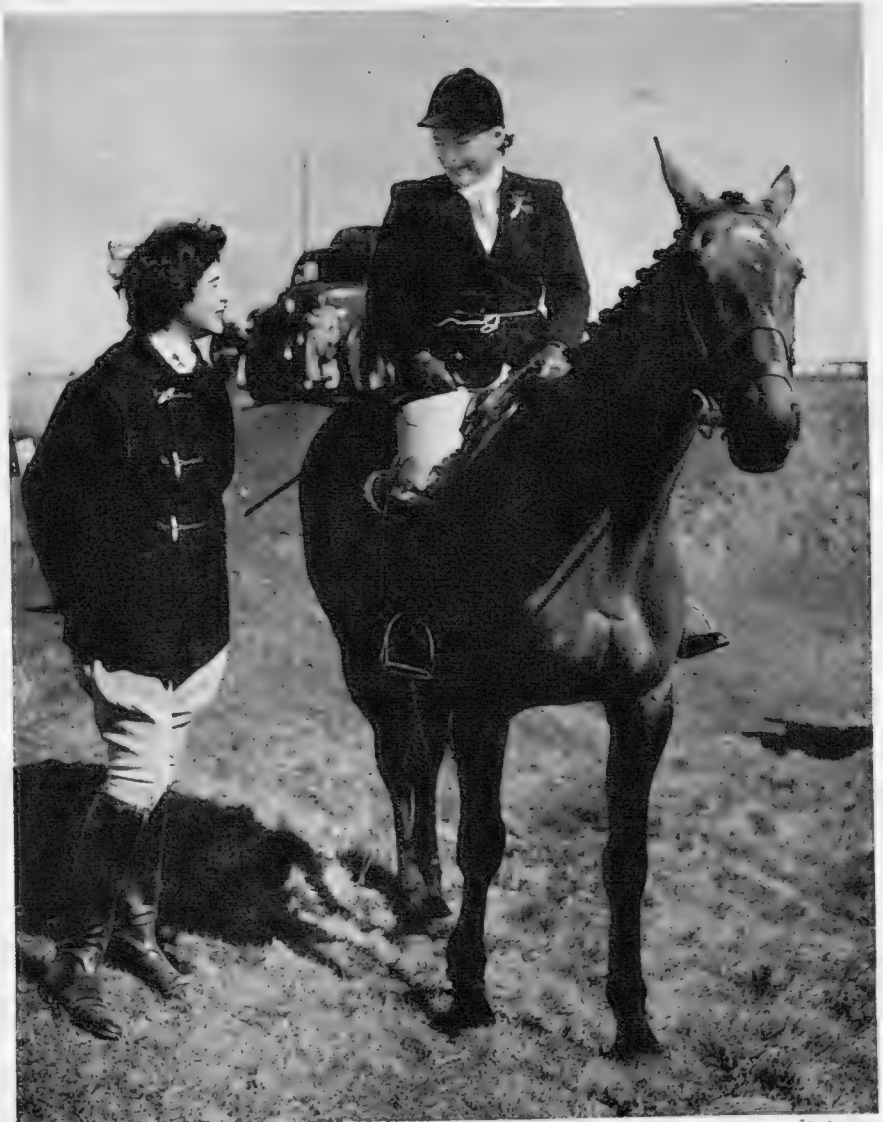
Right: Miss Ruth Holland, a competitor, with Miss Jill Holland and Mr. John Hudson, who had come to watch the trials



the classes were Mr. Julian Spring, Spring Entries were up on last round that they had picked an ideal horses and riders at their best



Right: Miss Deirdre Sampson, fourth in the Open, chatting with Miss Gillian Chatterton Dickson, who was just going to take part in a class



E. L. Ridley-Thompson (right), Col. A. L. Cameron, Mrs. Ridley-Thompson (left). The course was laid out on President was Major R. Peel, M.F.H.



## Book Reviews

## CANDID EMPRESS

Elizabeth Bowen

THE MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE THE GREAT (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.) are a remarkable exercise of memory—that is what strikes one first of all. The Empress of Russia began to write nine years after her accession, and, though clearly she did enjoy the task, this is a record with a purpose. Two questions, when she came to the throne, were very much in the air of Europe—that of her part (if any) in the assassination of her husband, the hopeless Peter III., and that of the legitimacy of her son and heir, the ill-fated Paul. On both questions the Memoirs were intended to throw light.

It was to Paul that, after her death, the manuscript was delivered in a sealed envelope: the new Emperor showed it to a friend, and several unofficial copies were made. Had that not been done, nothing would reach us now, for her grandson, the Emperor Nicholas, ordered that the original be destroyed. The Memoirs, at least by their implication, cast doubt upon the validity of the Romanov succession.

CATHERINE'S reputation, and the alarm with which her literary legacy was regarded, might lead one to look for something sensational. The reader expecting that will be disappointed. Here, instead, is the work of a cool, disenchanted mind—a backward look which is absolutely dispassionate.

The main Memoir (though there are fragments added) covers no more than the apprentice years: the first thirty, that is, of Catherine's life. It breaks off, half-way through a conversation, while Catherine's predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, was still reigning. So, we are shown a

This head of Lady Grantley, formerly Lady Deirdre Hare, is the work of the Hon. John Harvey, son of Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, who is an exceptionally talented sculptor



Catherine not yet come into power, though assiduously making her way towards it.

When, at fifteen, Catherine arrived at the Imperial Russian Court, she was still (she knew) more or less "on approval." The suggested match with her cousin Peter, the Empress's nephew and chosen heir, had thrown the young girl's parents into a flutter: her own attitude might be described as firm. She wished this enormous future at any cost—and what a cost it was!

STRAIGHT from her correct, if cheerless, German home, she was pitch-forked into intrigues, rivalries, scandals, and a furious play-for-power which stopped at nothing. The schoolgirl (for such, in effect, she was) looked round, took her bearings, bided her time. As to Peter, the gangling boy, she had no illusions. "I did not care for him; I cared for the crown."

Catherine sums up her own character, one may feel, fairly:

This last feeling, that of being hurt, I tried to repress more than any others. My natural pride and temper made the idea of being miserable unbearable to me. I kept saying to myself: "Happiness and unhappiness are in the heart and soul of everyone: if you are unhappy, put yourself above this unhappiness and arrange for your happiness not to depend on any outside factor."

... Naturally tolerant, I easily attracted the confidence of those who had anything to do with me. . . . If I may venture to be frank, I would say about myself that I was every inch a gentleman with a mind much more male than female; but together with that I was anything but masculine, and combined, with the mind and temperament of a man, the attractions of a lovable woman. I pray to be forgiven for this description, which is justified by its truthfulness. . . .

As to her love affairs, Catherine does, indeed, maintain a gentlemanly reserve. When Dr. G. P. Gooch, who writes the Introduction, remarks: "Here are the secrets—some of the secrets—of a woman's heart," I think he may give a misleading

impression. Of lush "revelations" we have none. But perhaps, when Dr. Gooch speaks of the heart, he is thinking rather of its endurances, and its deprivations. For here is a life-loving woman doomed, almost from childhood, to lead a déhumanising life.

Not the least of the horrors of the Russian Court—ever upon the move from palace to palace, from town to town in the enormous realm—were its barbarous, chaotic discomforts. The young Royal pair, Peter and Catherine, were swept along, helpless as dummies, in his aunt's wake. Here is one, highly typical, arrival:

The whole of Estonia was on the alert and the Empress's arrival at Katherinenthal was celebrated with great pomp between two and three in the morning in pouring rain and on such a dark night that one could not see a thing. We were all very elaborately dressed, but as far as I know no one saw us, for the wind had blown out all the torches and as soon as we alighted from our coaches everybody retired to their apartments.

During the whole journey from Petersburg to Reval, Mme. Choglokov was a source of misery and desolation to our coach; whatever one said she would riposte by: "Such statements would displease Her Majesty" or "Such behaviour would not be approved by the Empress."

IF Catherine became a tyrant in her later day, she had had an example of tyranny in her predecessor—though her portrait of the Empress Elizabeth (Peter the Great's younger daughter) is tolerant, anything but unfriendly. That fat beauty, radiant when she chose, was capricious, violent—she could, too, be generous.

The Memoirs of Catherine the Great raise the question: in what does greatness consist? Can it exist apart from the moral attributes? In this case, one is tempted to feel, it did. Written originally in French, the Memoirs have been admirably translated by Moura Budberg—who has kept, be sure, the spirit of Catherine's style. Dominique Maroger's editing has been no less able.



QUIET WATERS in the Typee Valley, Nukuhiva Island, Marquesas: an illustration from *Towards Tahiti*, by W. I. B. Crealock (Peter Davies; 15s.), the fascinating tale of a Brixham trawler's pilgrimage in the South Pacific

Miss Naomi Royde Smith's sureness of pen, together with knowledge of human nature, is again to the fore in MELILOT (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.).

This novel "centres" its heroine, and moves forward into its arresting story, from the very first page: no time is wasted. When an S O S to a secretarial agency sends Melilot off in a taxi to her first job, she is on the verge of knowing what genius means. Ignatius Jordan, the celebrated novelist for whom she is to take over work, has been held up in the crux of a masterpiece by the inefficacy of a series of young ladies: in fact, he is a secretaries' nightmare, and Melilot's friends breathe a prayer for her as she starts for Tile House. Will she stay the course, where others failed?

**T**ILE HOUSE, whose beautiful small façade faces the river, across Chelsea Embankment, had had a particular significance for her in childhood: now, she is to enter its doors! Melilot's spontaneity (she's a person whom, if for this alone, you will like) takes the edge off the opening, official interview: she is not frightened of Jordan, and he knows it. The rhythm of working hours, the painted dining-room, and Lawson, correct but fatherly manservant, soon come, for Melilot, to be daily life. Her existence, alone in an attic flat, is otherwise an affair of dreams.

But—"Genius," the young woman's father warns her, "means transcendent capacity for taking. Genius is the pirate of the world." How true this is she is to discover: first through her dealings with the exacting Jordan, then in the joys and anguish of her devotion to Luke van Airth, a poet bent on success. Luke, with his alternating fire and nonchalance, is a character most remarkably drawn. And the girl's integrity, set off by the background of literary politics, stands out finely.

This is no story of disillusionment—for Melilot, though she gives so much, comes out at the end, in a curious way, triumphant.

Every scene is convincing: Miss Royde Smith makes surroundings tell. And her humour, sometimes domestic, sometimes sardonic not to say devastating, makes this London novel extra clear-cut.

\* \* \*

**A**LISTER KERSHAW'S MURDER IN FRANCE (Constable, 15s.) opens to us a Gallic chamber of horrors. "It seems reasonable," the author says, "to detect a distinctly national element in this matter of killing. Any student of the question will find it easy to perceive in the murders of any given country some sort of local character." In his selection of six cases he certainly does not flatter *la belle France*: indeed, his "Murder in Solitude" is so atrocious, so shocking in every detail, that I feel it would better have been left out.

Certainly Mr. Kershaw knocks away the excuse that murders at least make dramatic stories. On the whole, he has sternly played drama down—we have not, for instance, been given one *crime passionnel*—dauntless Mme. Caillaux who, superbly gowned, swept into a newspaper office and shot a journalist, was it is true in a passion, but *not* one of thwarted love. Provocation had certainly been considerable.

The industrious Petiot ("Murder for Profit") helped make history. And Henri Girard and Bernardy de Sigoyer both demonstrate what a hardworking spiv may come to. Jean-Louis Verger, the archbishop-slayer was, one may feel, plain mad. The two most disagreeable cases are pathological. . . . Mr. Kershaw, in his introduction, pays tribute to French police methods, and clears up some British misapprehensions as to the procedure in French courts.



SIR BARRY JACKSON, M.A., LL.D., D.LITT., who is to receive the Freedom of the City of Birmingham on Saturday, is the founder and Governing Director of the famous Birmingham Repertory Company which, beginning in 1913, has been unsurpassed as a nursery for young players, and for the enterprise of its productions. He is, too, a dramatic author in his own right, and in his leisure hours a painter of great ability

Lisel Haas

**T**o write successfully for "young persons" is still more difficult, possibly, than to write for children. LITTLE MALLOWS, by Viola Bayley (Dent, 8s. 6d.) is a story I cordially recommend for the not too sophisticated teenage girl reader. Scene, an ancient rectory in a Sussex village; characters, a pleasing group of young things. An alarming party, a suspected robbery, lost twins, a rescue from a fire—quite enough happens to keep the story going. There's a breathtaking crisis towards the end. And love, on the last page, raises its pretty head. Considerable charm is in the illustrations.

\* \* \*

**G**OOD MORNING, MISS DOVE (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is a wholly delightful American novel about a teacher, by Frances Gray Patton—whose book of short stories, *The Finer Things Of Life*, the discerning among you will recall. Our heroine, a spinster of rigid gait, unswerving eye and formidable manner, has been geography mistress at Cedar Grove School for thirty-five years. She has put (as we say in Ireland) the fear of death into generations of junior children—some of her ex-pupils are by now leading citizens of the town, entitled Liberty Hall.

When, one fine April morning, Miss Dove goes sick and is seen being borne through the streets to hospital, the skies seem to have fallen, for old and young. That the famous authori-

tarian *should* be human, and therefore mortal (for she is gravely ill, it seems; she may die) comes as a shock to the whole community. Mrs. Patton, ranging round with her camera, gives us shots of a variety of homes. Also, she conjures up for us what the past, as embodied in the person of Miss Dove, came to mean to a number of different people.

To get the most out of this book, one should perhaps know something of the American way of life, with its merger of ideals and sentiments, its success-desires, its lurking infantilisms—these, Miss Dove's creator has pinpointed with satire and love. "Liberty Hill," she confides to us, "was like a hundred American towns, smug and cozy, and it put its special stamp upon its own."

Here, all the same, is the portrait of a great woman, transcending race, locality and time. Humour and poignancy (for we are shown the teacher as the ageing, lonely, courageous creature she is) make this a book to remember.

\* \* \*

**F**AMOUS PLAYS OF 1954 (Gollancz, 15s.) will be welcomed by theatregoers, whether actual or would-be. *I Am A Camera*, *A Day By The Sea*, *Witness For The Prosecution*, *The Big Knife* and *Carrington, V.C.*, make up this admirable volume. And all these five, you will find, are hardly less enjoyable by the fireside than they were on the stage. Good work is good work, whether read or seen.





## *Mariel Deans schedule the new evening trend*

At the Marquee Restaurant, Hans Place. Large, iridescent paillettes are woven into the material of this very simple midnight blue dinner dress by Susan Small, which relies for its interest on lovely stuff and the beautiful cut of its wide, plunging neckline. It comes from Jay's, Oxford Circus



Pale, creamy satin worked with green and rust-coloured embroidery and beads—Elizabeth Henry's high-bosomed, long-waisted evening dress is glamour at its most sophisticated. From Margaret Marks

# *The time, the place, and the perfect dress*

SPRING in the air produces a general restlessness that often rationalizes into a desire for new clothes and, necessary corollary, the need to display these in a suitable setting. This week we show some covetable little numbers photographed against the background of London's newest hotel and a smart Knightsbridge restaurant



*Continued  
overleaf*

In the entrance hall of the Westbury. Roecliff & Chapman's full-length evening gown of embossed satin, pink and green flowers on a silver-grey ground. A spray of flowers is tucked into the big bow on the hip. Richard Bird, Knightsbridge, has this dress



Continuing—

## Short frocks for Spring

*Two dresses for  
an evening party*

THESE dresses by two very different designers are both perfect in their own individual way for dining out or party-going during the spring and summer nights to come



Sylvia Mills makes this clever, dark green lace dress mounted on poul. The off-centre décolletage with its wide fichu-like collar, is balanced by the sideways tilt of the low hip-line. Harvey Nichols have this dress



This frock is made by Horrockses in white cotton printed with alpine flowers, in pinks and purples. The long, tight-fitting body-line rising out of full short skirts makes a gay and youthful effect. Chanelle, of Knightsbridge



Michael Dunne

## *Stroll on the river terrace*

LATE spring in London, or in any large city, seems to us to provide perfect occasions for every type of suit. Here, trim and practical, more adapted to changing temperatures than a wool frock and combining formality with comfort, are three suits to carry on from spring to the warm days of summer



(Above) A three-piece by Brenner, "Jaunty" in navy-blue wool is semi-fitted in the front, straight at the back and lined with cotton poplin to match the high-necked blouse. All inquiries to Brenner

(Below) Good for either town or country this suit of beige wool jersey by Brenner is banded with dark brown to match the buttons. Pleats at the back of the skirt provide fullness and are stitched through to prevent sagging



Matita's pure silk shantung suit, in orchid pink patterned with white, has large revers and a shoulder-wide collar. The knife-pleated skirt has plain panels at the back and front. Margaret Marks of Knightsbridge have this suit







Oretta Macchi di Cellere, daughter of Count Alessandro and Countess Nika Macchi di Cellere, wears a full-skirted evening dress in ivory Topane lace with scalloped skirt and ruched bodice

*Now let us glimpse  
what the Romans do*

SOME of Rome's loveliest hostesses are here photographed wearing evening dresses from the Giovannelli Sciarri summer collection which have been much admired at recent parties in that city





Michael Dunne

Contessa Marozia Borromeo D'Adda wearing "Roman Joy," a black and white tulle dress with red roses embroidered with pearls. Notice the close-fitting bodice and basque, suggesting a low waistline

Contessa Giovannella Ceriana, daughter of the Marchesa di Bagno and wife of Count Ludovico Ceriana, wears a black taffeta dress with a bodice and stomacher embroidered in gold thread



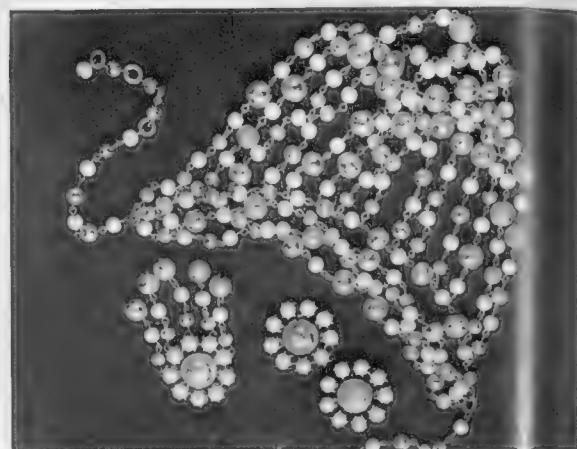
## *Fashionable jewels designed by Dior*

ONCE again Dior is to the fore with jewellery specially designed to follow the latest trend in fashion, both the workmanship and the colours being very beautiful. Examples shown, and others, can be obtained from Fortnum and Mason, Liberty's and other leading stores

—JEAN CLELAND



"Montparnasse." Photographed in gold and topaz. Necklet £42, stud ear-clips £5 5s., shower brooch £9 9s. Available in other colours



"Montmartre." In white and gold (as here) and other colours. The full bib necklet is £21, the stud ear-clips £4, and the shower brooch £4 4s.



Above: "Place Pigalle" in old gold with pink stones. Necklet £12, stud ear-rings £2, long ear-rings £4 10s., bracelet £8 15s. Different colours are obtainable

Right: "Avenue-Matignon" in gold with crystal stones and pearls. Necklet £25 2s., stud ear-rings £7 15s., shower earrings £7 10s., brooch £7 10s.

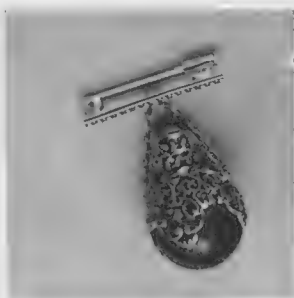




Dennis Smith

"Rue de la Paix" in white on gold with crystal tinted drops. Necklet £16 5s., drop ear-rings £7 10s., châtelaïne brooch £10 10s.

## Personal accessories at a reasonable price



A new and delightful way of taking your fragrance with you can be achieved with these charming little perfume fobs. They are extremely ornamental. Their prices are 18s. 9d. and 26s. 9d., and they may be obtained from Selfridges



A small lightweight compact for the evening in gilt and marcasite. It costs 44s. and is also available at Selfridges



Stratton "Cocktail" compact with automatic opening inner lid. Toasts in various languages are given on the underside of lids, and the enameled top is decorated with bottles and grape design. Price 25s. from Swan and Edgar



Hand-made Majorca pearls finished with silver marcasite or paste snap. Price 5½ gns. to 14 gns. Matching ear-rings 1½ gns. a pair. Selfridges





PAUL-ANDRE (right) does a simple smooth hair style showing the new "natural" look. The hair is brushed back from the forehead and set with a soft and very attractive slant-wise wave



## Beauty

# That crowning glory

Jean Cleland



ALEXIS OF ANTOINE creates *la ligne souple*, showing the casual broken movements of the contour developed from the basic shaping of the follow-through cut—sharply defined neckline

WITH the arrival of spring, hair becomes news, and as with dress the interest is focused on line.

In these days the leading hair stylists are as fashion conscious as the famous couturiers. From each one comes individual creations featuring new cuts and new versions of the latest trends. The smart woman knows that to wear the H-line or the A-line, or whatever is the new mode in a coat, a suit, or a frock, is not enough. To be truly elegant, fashion must go to her head. Indeed one could almost say that it starts at her head, for when talking to her, it is this that commands full attention.

FOR the last two weeks I have been talking to some of the foremost creators of hair styles so that I may be able to give you up-to-the-minute news.

From Steiner, we get variations on the theme of his S-line, which is what he describes as a "breaking from the curl into a wave." He is styling every length of hair in this way, from the very long to the

very short. Alexis of Antoine makes a feature of *la ligne souple*, which, as the name suggests, is very soft, and easily adapted to the individual. Raymond's styles for the spring are based on the new "Cube Cut," which in a variety of different themes is suitable for all types of hair and can be dressed to suit every face.

As always, French of London reiterates his strong conviction that hair should be brushed into shape. In his opinion, the latest trend in hair fashion features longer and smoother styles. Alan of Dominique aims to get away from the "Urchin" look, with softer and more feminine styles which have what he describes as a "ladylike" air.

Andre of Paul-Andre creates a new type of trim called the "Crystal Cut," guaranteed to keep either a natural or a permanent wave at its curliest for the longest possible time.

From the pictures on this page you can see various examples of the newest modes, as interpreted by the leading creators of hair fashion.



STEINER'S new S-line coiffure is based on a loosely formed curl that breaks into a wave, framing the face and curving into the shape of the head line at the back



ALAN OF DOMINIQUE'S interpretation of the "ladylike" look, with a crest of curls from nape to crown and a waved movement at the sides is very feminine



RAYMOND created this hair style seen on Miss Pat Bowden for her presentation this year. It is marked by a deep wave movement finishing in a nape "flip"



Peter Clark

from the Gainsborough Room Collection at

**Debenham & Freebody** Wigmore Street, W.1.





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REVIVING

GIN AND LIME



Some say "Gimlet", some say "Gin and Lime"—but all agree that this refreshing favourite is all the more heartening if you make it correctly...thus: Half-fill shaker with ice, add  $\frac{2}{3}$  Gordon's Gin,\*  $\frac{1}{3}$  lime juice, and a small dash of bitters; shake well, and top-up with soda water.



\* ASK FOR IT BY NAME

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## DINING IN

### Italian pasta

—Helen Burke

WHILE there are many Italian dishes in which *pasta* have no part, we generally associate Italian food with macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli and the very many members of the *pasta* family.

From tiny stars, numerals and letters of the alphabet (always fascinating in consommé), *pasta* progress to lengthy sticks of macaroni and thick tubes of canelloni. In between, there are *Cheveux d'Ange* ("angel's hair"), macaroni "rice," tiny wheels (complete with spokes), little buttons and shells of paste, spirals of vermicelli, coils of spaghetti and noodle ribbons of varying widths.

The canelloni I buy are  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. Three or four of them per head, stuffed with a good meat mixture, make quite a filling course. I usually make this dish to use up the remainder of my three-meat mould, which I prepare this way:

**M**INCE 1 lb. each of veal and lean pork and 8 oz. mild ham. Add a small cup of soft breadcrumbs, a very finely minced clove of garlic (or juice from a garlic press),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated nutmeg, a small teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Marsala and an egg. Mix well, pack into a loaf tin, cover and steam for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Now for the canelloni: Parboil them in plenty of salted water, then drain.

Break down the last of the three-meat mould. Add a grated carrot, a flat tablespoon of grated Parmesan and a tablespoon or so of stock made from the veal and pork trimmings. Fill the canelloni with the mixture. Lay them, side by side, in a shallow entrée dish and spoon a little well-seasoned stock over them. Sprinkle them with grated Parmesan and pour over it a tablespoon of melted butter, cooked to the *noisette* stage. Or simply coat the canelloni with your favourite tomato sauce.

Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

**S**PAGHETTI BOLOGNESE is probably the most popular of all the meat-sauce and spaghetti dishes and this one will serve 5 to 6 people well.

Start with just enough fat, which can be butter or olive oil, and fry 8 oz. minced lean beef and a chopped shallot in it. Sprinkle in a level tablespoon of flour and brown it well. Add a chopped clove of garlic and 3 to 4 chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes and cook for a minute or two. Now add about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock or water and simmer for an hour. Season with pepper and salt to taste. Add chopped parsley to your liking.

You can vary this sauce by adding a little red wine with the liquid, a minced soaked dried mushroom (called "fungi" in Italian shops) and a pinch of grated nutmeg.

Boil a pound of spaghetti in plenty of fast-boiling salted water for 15 to 18 minutes. Test a piece and, if it is a little too firm, give it a minute longer. But spaghetti should not be cooked until it is soft. The Italians refer to cooking it *al dente*, which means that it is a little firm to the teeth. Drain well. Transfer to a heated dish, add a piece of butter and turn the spaghetti over and over in it to glisten the surface. Pour the meat sauce over the spaghetti and pass grated Parmesan cheese separately with the dish.

**PAINTINGS FOR THE KITCHEN.** This still life by Winifred Lawson Dick comes from her exhibition held at the Walker Galleries last month. Her pictures—vividly drawn still lifes of birds, fruit, fish, vegetables and wines—should transform the average modern kitchen, which Mrs. Lawson Dick maintains look far too clinical and need warmth



Above all

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One of the world's leading couturiers, Mr. DIGBY MORTON possesses in full measure that quality known as 'flair'. As a practised host this flair is no less in evidence in creating for his guests original entertainment, coupled with carefully considered food and drink. Mr. Morton invariably finds that SMIRNOFF VODKA, either neat or as a basis for a long and cooling drink, greatly contributes to the pleasure of both host and guests.

Available in two strengths 65.5° and 80° proof, 34/- and 40/- a bottle.









## DINING OUT

## Three good ideas



## I. Bickerstaff

It was a bright idea of Fortnum and Mason to stage a Cheese and Wine Tasting for two weeks and open it to the public. It was very well done indeed, visitors being presented with a catalogue of the various types of cheese bracketed with the wine which Fortnums considered was its most suitable partner.

For example, they matched the Pont L'Évêque with a '49 Beaujolais-Fleurie; Roquefort with a '49 Châteauneuf-du-Pape; Carré d'Est with a '49 Château Pontet-Canet-Pauillac.

The Blue Cheshire, Wensleydales and Stiltons were honoured with vintage ports, a different one each day. During the week previous to my visit there were Sandeman '34, Cockburn '34, Dows '45, Grahams '45, and Fonseca '34.

Although the cheese and the wines were both priced by the pound, box or bottle, no effort was made to sell you anything and the public who were present seemed to be genuinely interested in tasting rather than getting a free drink. You were greeted on arrival at an Apéritif Bar with a Casino white port, replacing the usual sherry, which was an interesting experiment.

YET another good idea was that of Marcel Cacciardo, who opened the Restaurant Marcel at 14 Sloane Street with authentic French cuisine and a very French atmosphere. Marcel hails from Cannes and his chef, Charles Farbre, also comes from that fashionable resort and was for twelve years at the Martinez Hotel.

They have some excellent wines in casks in the middle of the restaurant which are served by the glass or the jug which include Niersteiner 1950, Bourgogne Blanc, Alligote, Beaujolais, Château Du Basque and St. Emilion, at 2s. per the glass or 10s. by the carafe. Apart from this there is an adequate wine list, very reasonably priced, such as Château bottled Laury, Petrus, Ausone 1948, at round about 30s., a '46 Lafite at 32s., some first-class Burgundies at £1 1s., and an interesting *rosé*—Château De Belle Provence at 25s. If you are particularly thirsty and the waiter is out of view, you can even walk up and replenish your beaker yourself.

When the *scampis Provençale* arrived it was practically impossible to believe that Sloane Street was only a few feet away.

TO complete a trio of brainwaves, Robin Howard and Peter Herbert reproduced a very authentic replica of an Elizabethan dining room at the Gore Hotel in Queen's Gate, and matched it with authentic Elizabethan food and drink: boars' heads, peacock, swans, syllabub, salamangundy, and so on, with mead, mulled claret and ale, together with serving wenches dressed in the style of the period, and a minstrel in the candlelit room singing ancient ballads accompanying himself on a lute, rounding off the sixteenth-century atmosphere.

Possibly an even brighter idea, but receiving much less publicity, is the hotel's normal restaurant where for a very reasonable price they provide outstanding cuisine, coupled with what they claim to be the world's longest wine list. Whether it is or not, it is of the first quality and remarkable for its quantity, containing over six hundred different wines.

HERE is an original recipe I have come by recently from "The Open Arms," Dirleton, near N. Berwick, East Lothian. Fried Breast of Chicken Ste. Rose. Place the breast of one chicken in *sauté* pan and when partly cooked add one sliced red pepper, one green pepper, and one slice of pineapple; finish cooking with four chopped walnuts and a glass of sherry.

To be served separately—remove the flesh from two bananas, leaving the skin in the form of a gondola; slice the flesh of banana and add some chopped celery and a little cream, season and replace in gondola, serve with heart of lettuce.

This sounds to me rather like a mess and a mixture but strangely enough is quite pleasant to eat, although unusual, and is a great local favourite.



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Vandyk

Miss Rachel Mirabel Steel Scott, younger daughter of Sir Donald Scott, M.P., and Lady Scott, of Castron, Northumberland, is to marry Mr. A. A. de Courcy Hunter, elder son of Mr. A. V. Hunter, of Castle Combe, Wiltshire, and Mrs. B. de C. Hunter, of Fleet, Hampshire

## **THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED**

Miss Margaret Helen Bruce, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Straton Bruce, of St. Andrews, Fordbridge Road, Ashford, Middx, is to marry Mr. Richard Corrie, younger son of the late Mr. B. J. Corrie, and of Mrs. A. K. Corrie, of The Chase, Laleham-on-Thames, Middlesex



Demarc

Miss Linda Milling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Milling, of Hedsor Farm House, Wooburn Green, Bucks, is engaged to Mr. Peter Few Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Few Brown, of Oakstead, Seaview, Isle of Wight



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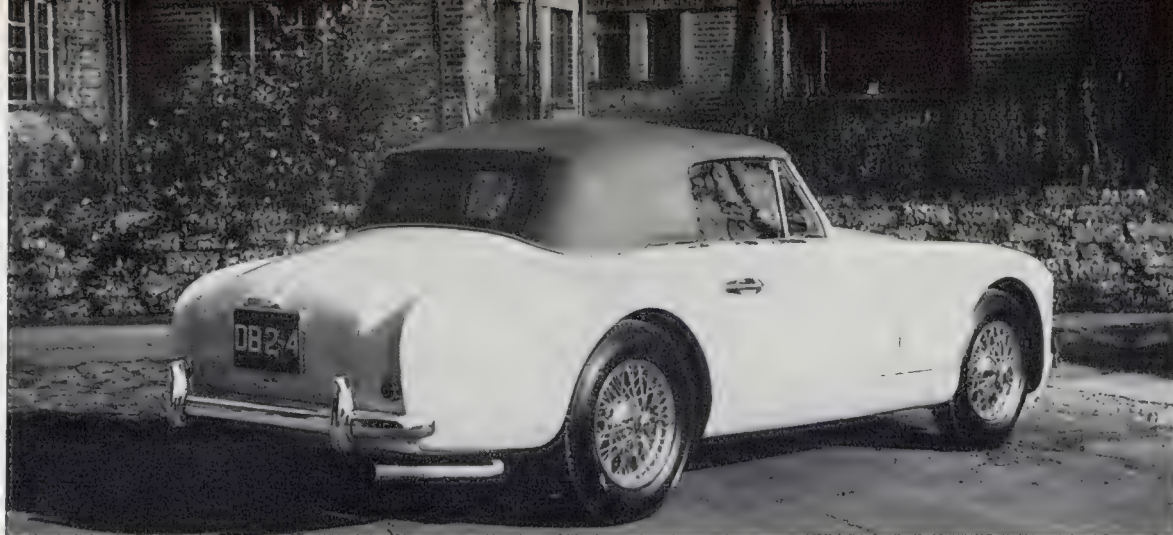


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## Motoring

# Let the salesman beware

Oliver Stewart

**B**UYING times are here again. But instead of offering advice to the buyers of motor cars, I am going to offer advice to sellers. The first point to note is that a good salesman and a fair deal can tie a buyer to one make of car for life and make him an enthusiast and an unpaid, auxiliary salesman. The man who goes back to the same maker every time he buys a new car is a valuable asset to the industry.

It is agreed, then, that a considerable effort is worth while when a car is being sold to stimulate interest and confidence in the manufacturer and to make it clear that his works feels a continuing responsibility for the car throughout its life. There must be mutual good feeling between buyer and seller. But many of the practices of the trade are obstacles to that good feeling. They are small things, admittedly, but they are irritating.

**I**F, for instance, a car costs £975 4s. 4½d., which is the sort of figure beloved of the Civil Servants who apply purchase tax, the buyer will assuredly think in terms of that precise sum. He will go on thinking in that sum until the day of delivery when he goes, full of pleasurable expectation, to collect the car. At that point he discovers that the sum does not include the number plates and that these have probably been chosen for him by the trader. He will then find that the licence holder is also an extra and that it has been chosen for him by the trader and has upon it a permanent

advertisement of the trader's name and address. He finds that he must pay for the licence holder and therefore for the trader's advertisement.

In most other walks of life advertisements are paid for by the advertiser, and in my view, this practice of foisting an advertisement upon the buyer of a motor car is unfair and impertinent. Then there is the "delivery" charge, although the car is not in fact delivered. Finally there is the petrol pinprick. The buyer is about to start with his new car when he notices that the tank contains one-tenth of a gallon of fuel. He mentions this. The sequel is invariable. "George" is sent for and George eventually produces a two-gallon can of petrol. This is paid for by the buyer and George is appropriately rewarded.

**L**EST anyone should think this an exaggerated story, I can say that it is an exact account of what has happened to me more than once at reputable dealers and with cars costing over £1,000. It does not always happen and there is one dealer in London whose methods deserve the highest praise. But he is an exception.

What is the result of all this petty haggling at the last moment? Usually the buyer, who has appeared full of enthusiasm and goodwill towards the dealer, the manufacturer and the world at large, leaves with a strong impression that he has been "done"; that he has been overcharged and that the dealer's benevolence disappeared the moment the cheque was signed.

Surely it would in the end pay a dealer to give a customer number plates if the car costs over £500. If the dealer wants to have a permanent advertisement for his house inside the car, he ought in fairness to give the customer the licence holder which bears it. And the cost of four or five gallons of fuel would not completely obliterate the profit on the sale. In short my opinion is that motor car dealers are far behind other traders in their approach to the psychology of salesmanship.

**"S**OFT, black and often of a non-glutinous character," is the delightful description given to one kind of sludge found in car engines by the Vacuum oil people's engineers. Sludge is formed by the oil pumped into the bearings, which it may reach at a temperature of between 90 and 95 degrees centigrade. It leaves the bearings in the form of a fine spray and comes into contact with heated air in the crankcase and gases resulting from piston ring leakage. Under these conditions the oil oxidizes, and sludge is primarily the conse-

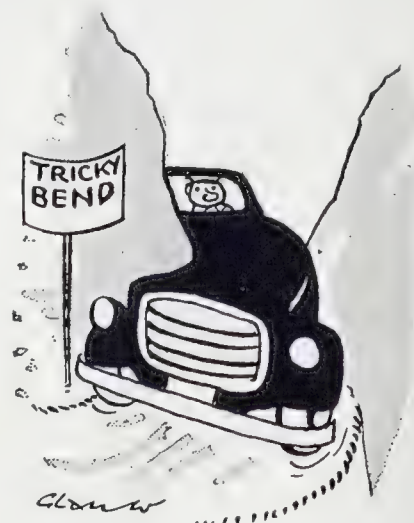
quence of this process of oil and fuel oxidation.

Apart from the obvious measure of using good quality oils, the amount of sludge can be kept down by maintaining pistons, cylinder bores and piston rings in good order and by ensuring that the crankcase breathers are working. On the associated subject of engine wear, by the way, Dudley Noble has recently produced a useful little booklet, published by the Automotive Press Bureau for a shilling. It sums up the approved recommendations for avoiding wear.

**V**ARIOUS reports have now come in about the extraordinary confusion that occurred at the Sebring twelve-hours race. It seems that the doubts about whether Hawthorn and Walters in the D-type Jaguar had won, or Hill and Shelby in the Ferrari, were the consequence of the uncertainties of the official timekeepers. This seems now to be admitted.

It is a thing which happens rarely in this country or on the Continent. All of which is a reminder of how grateful we who follow motor sport should be for the efficient work of these officials. Timekeeping for a big race is a trying business which demands a high degree of concentration. But it also demands long experience. We are fortunate in having men with the necessary qualifications.

**B**ATTERIES as well as motorists will welcome warmer weather, for there were stretches during the winter which tried them both sorely. Now, I suppose, we shall again forget about our batteries until next winter. It is grossly unfair to them, for they ought to be looked after carefully all the year round. I think that the belief that two years is the longest any battery can be expected to give good service is partly the outcome of the fashion for neglecting batteries during warm weather. Yet battery service is slight and simple.







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## THEY WERE MARRIED



### BREWER—PAUL

Capt. Michael H. Brewer, M.C., the Royal Leicestershire Regt., son of Capt. G. N. Brewer, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Brewer, of the U.K. High Commissioner's Office, New Zealand, married at St. James's, Piccadilly, Miss Rosemary W. Paul, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. Paul, of Mill House, Newington, near Folkestone



### CAMPBELL—READE

Mr. Peter Francis Campbell, eldest son of Mrs. A. B. Campbell, of Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1, married Miss Diana Sheila Reade, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Reade, of Toller, Totnes, Devon, at St. Mary's Church, Berry Pomeroy, near Totnes



### HILL—BARBER

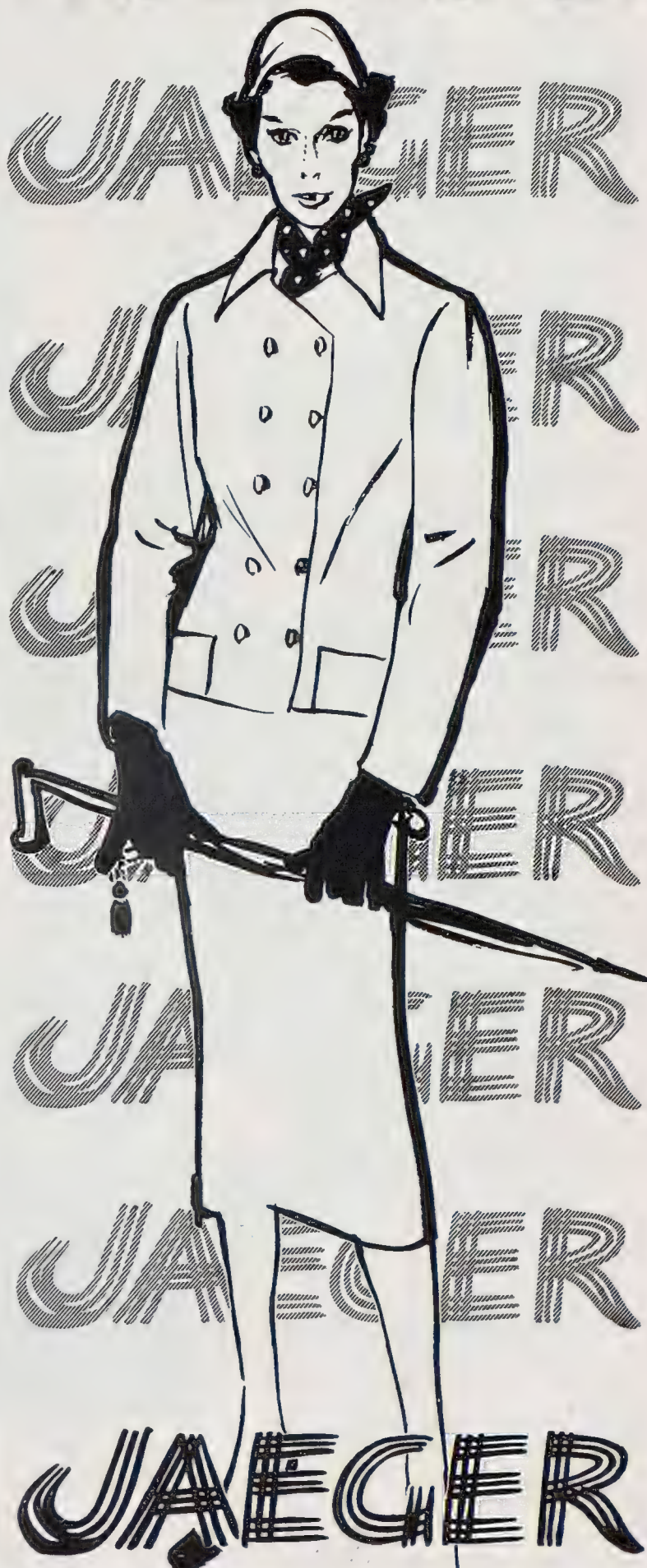
Dr. Raymond Hill, younger son of Mrs. Hill, and the late Mr. H. C. Hill, of Horton Park Avenue, Bradford, married Miss Ursula Margaret Barber, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Barber, of Sunnymede, Holmbridge, Yorkshire, at Holmbridge Parish Church



### GORDON—STOBART

Mr. Alexander Grant Gordon, younger son of the late Mr. W. Grant Gordon, and of Mrs. Gordon, of Ellergreen, Bearsden, Dunbartonshire, and The Cabrach, Huntly, married Miss Hilary Linda Stobart, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Stobart, of Monthuis, Knebworth, Herts, at St. Columba's, Pont Street

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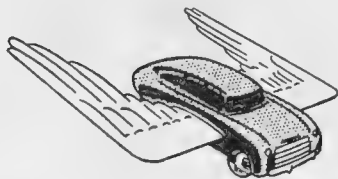
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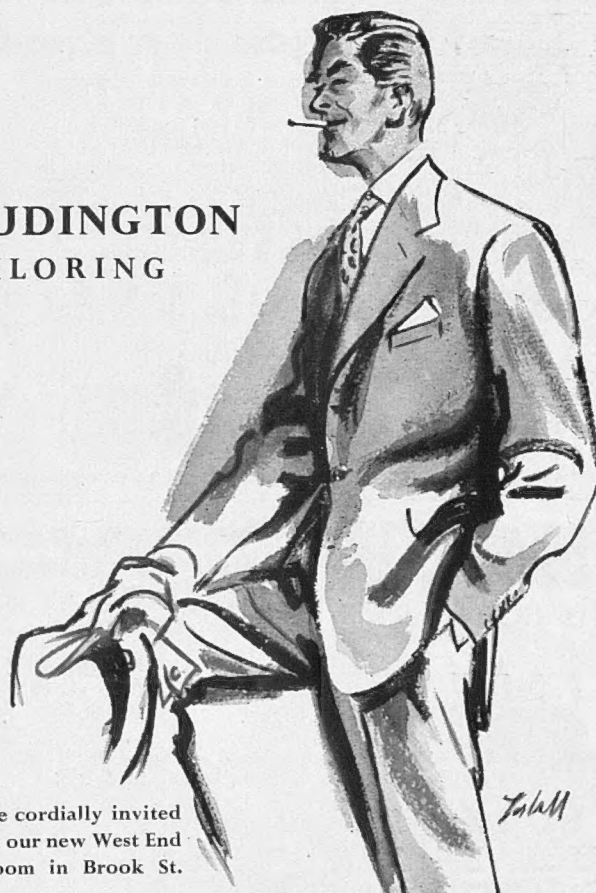
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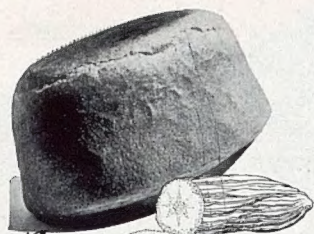


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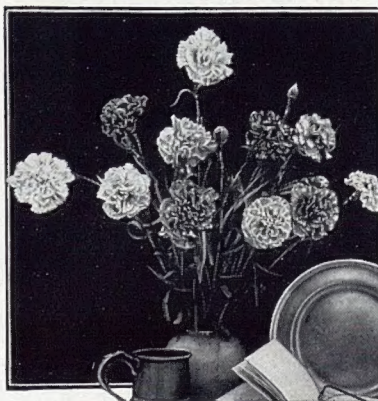
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Write for large Catalogue of all kinds of Carnations, Pinks and Dianthus

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Carnation Specialists (Cut Flower Dept.)

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## For those who enjoy GOOD SHERRY

We can now offer our  
GOLDEN  
CYPRUS SHERRY  
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Why not try one and appreciate  
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OBVIOUSLY she knows what's what when it comes to choosing a refrigerator. This gleaming beauty is the ENGLISH ELECTRIC EA-83—and there's enough room inside to take a banquet. Even the door is a larder!

Lots of refrigerated storage space means lots of advantages. You can do a week's food shopping in a day. You can plan your meals well ahead. Left-overs won't 'go off'. Cake mixes and vegetables can be prepared to-day and stored until needed. Here is the refrigerator to give you a fresh interest in food, more fun and more leisure. And remember, it only occupies just over 5 square feet of floor space—fits any moderate sized kitchen comfortably!



## TO READ AND THINK ABOUT

More than 15 sq. ft. of adjustable shelf area—giant, full-width Freezer—special Coldrawer for meat and fish—two big Humidrawers for fruit and vegetables—and three generous shelves in the door itself! White or cream enamelled finish

## ON PARADE NOW

See the ENGLISH ELECTRIC EA83 at your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorised Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Do what everyone else is doing. Take advantage of the generous Hire Purchase Terms which are readily available. Cash price £100.12.0.

Purchase Tax extra.



# 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

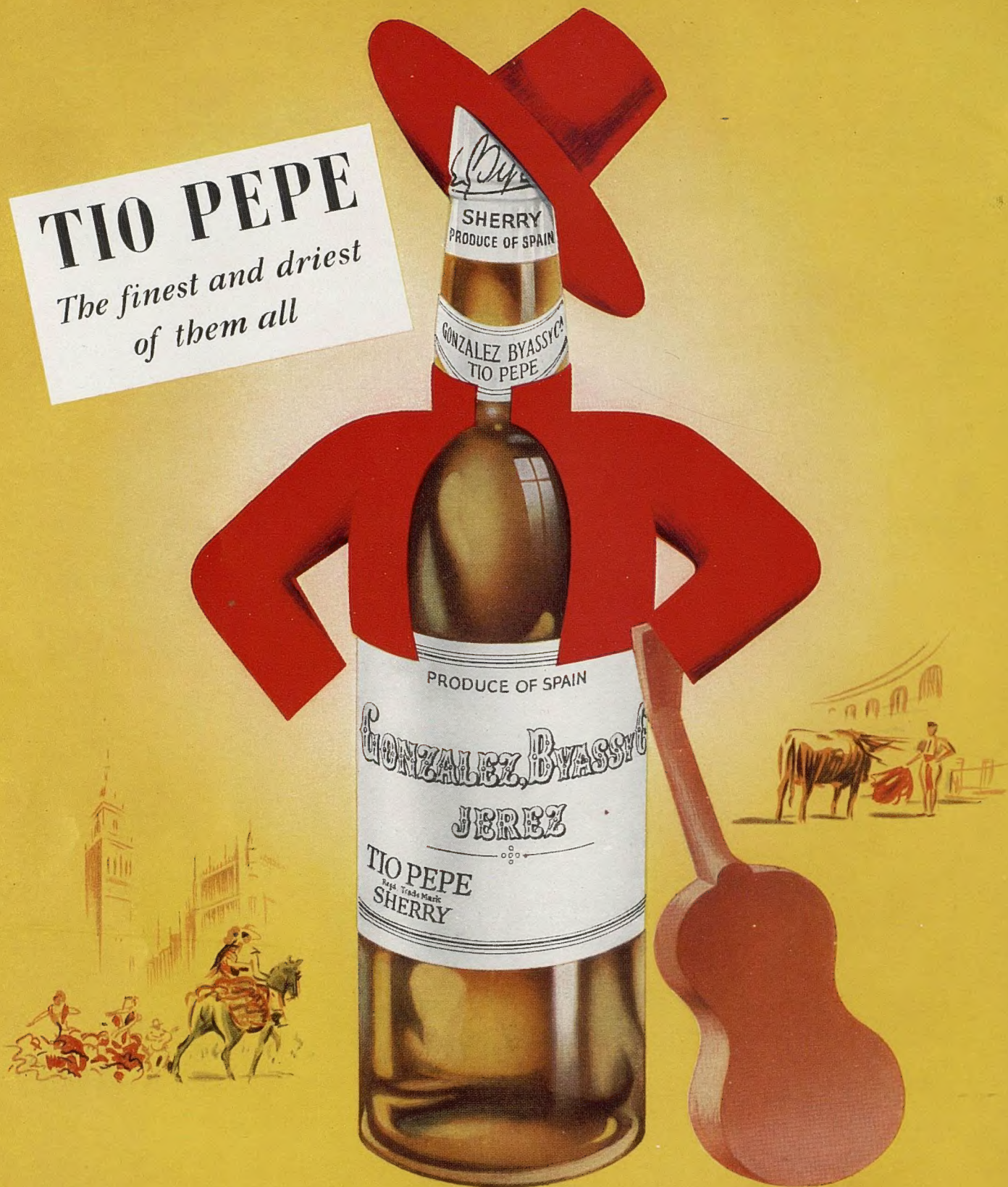
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